ALBVMAZAR.

A

Comedy presented before

the Kings Maiestie at Cambridge, the

ninth of March.

1614.

By the Gentlemen of Trinitie Colledge.

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LONDON.

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Dramatis Personæ.

ADVRAZAR.	An Astrologer.
RONCA.	
HARPAX.	Theeues.
FVRBO.	
PANDOLFO.	An old Gentleman.
CRICCA.	His seruant.
TRINCALO.	*Pandolfo's* Farmer.
ARMELLINA.	*Antonio's* Maid.
LELIO.	*Antonio's* sonne.
EVGENIO.	*Pandolfo's* sonne.
FLAVIA.	*Antonio's* daughter.
SVLPITIA.	*Pandolfo's* daughter.
BEVILONA.	A Curtezan.
ANTONIO.	An old Gentleman.

THE PROLOGVE.

THe brightnesse of so great and faire a presence,
They say, strikes cold amazement. But I feele
Contrarie effects. For from the gracious center
O'th Honorable assembly, some secret power
Inflames my courage; and, me thinkes, I am growne
Taller by th' vertue of this Audience.
And yet thus raisd, I feare there's no retiring.
Ladies, whose beauties glad the whole Assembly,
Vpon your fauours I impose my businesse.
If't be a fault to speake this forraigne language,
(For Latine is our mother tongue) I must intreate you
To frame excuses for us; for whose sake
Wee now speake English. All the rest, we hope,
Some purposeth'd to guard our poore endeauours;
As we to please. In whose faire courtesie
we trust; not in our weake abilities.

07-875

ALBVMAZAR.

Act. 1. Scen. 1.

Enter ALBVMAZAR. HARPAX. RONCA.

AL. COme braue Mercurials sublim'd in cheating,
My deere companions, fellow-souldiers
I'th watchfull exercise of Theeuery:
Shame not at your so large profession,
No more then I at deepe Astrologie.
For in the dayes of old, *Good morrow Thiefe*,
As welcome was receiu'd, as now *Your worship*.
The *Spartans* held it lawfull, and th' *Arabians*,
So grew *Arabia*, *Italie*, *Sparta* valiant.
RON. Read on this Lecture wise *Albumazar*.
ALB. Your patron *Mercury* in his mysterious character
Holds all the markes of th'other wanderers,
And with his subtile influence workes in all,
Filling their stories full of robberies.
Most Trades and Callings much participate
Of yours; though smoothly guilt with th'honest title
Of Merchant, Lawyer, or such like; the learned
Onely excepted: and hee's therefore poore.
HARP. And yet he steales one Author from another.
This Poet is that Poets Plagiarie,
And he a third's, till they end all in *Homer*.
ALB. And *Homer* filtch't all from an *Egyptian* Priestesse.
The world's a Theater of theft. Great riuers
Rob smaller brookes; and them the Ocean.
And in this world of ours, this Microcosme,
Guts from the stomarke steale; and what they spare,
The meseraicks filch, and lay it i'th liuer:
Where (lest it should be found) turn'd to red *Nectar*,
'Tis by a thousand theeuish veines convey'd,
And hid in flesh, nerues, bones, muscles and sinewes,
In tendons, skin, and haire, so that the propertie
Thus altered, the theft can neuer be discouered.
Now all these pilfries couch't and compos'd in order,
Frame thee and me. Man's a quick masse of theeuery.

RON. Most Philosophicall *Albumazar!*
HAR P. I thought these parts had lent and borrowed mutuall.
ALB. Say they doe so: 'tis done with full intention
Here to restore, and that's flat robbery.
Therefore goe on: follow your vertu's lawes,
Your card'nall vertue, *great Necessitie*,
Wait on her close, with all occasions.
Be watchfull, haue as many eyes as heauen,
And eares as harueſt: be resolu'd and impudent,
Beleeue none, trust none: for in this Citie
(As in a fought field Crowes and Carkasses)
No dwellers are but Cheaters and Cheateez.
RON. If all the Houses in the Towne were Prisons,
The Chambers Cages, all the Settles Stockes,
The broad Gates Gallowses, and the whole People
Iustices, Iuries, Constables, Keepers, and Hangmen,
I'd practise spite of all, and leaue behind me
A fruitfull seminarie of our profession,
And call them by the name of *Albumazarians*.
HAR. And I no lesse, were all the Citie theeues
As cunning as thy selfe. ALB. Why brauely spoken,
Fitting such generous spirits: I'le make way
To your great vertue with a deepe resemblance
Of high Astrologie. *Harpax* and *Ronca*,
List to our profit: I haue new lodg'd a prey
Hard by, that taken, is so fat and rich,
'Twill make vs leaue off trading, and fall to purchase.
HAR. Who is't? speake quickly. RON. Where good *Albumazar?*
ALB. 'Tis a rich gentleman, as old as fooliſh.
Th'poore remnant of whose braine, that age had left him,
The doting loue of a yong girle hath dried:
And which concernes vs most, he giues firme credit
To Necromancy and Astrologie, *Enter* FVRBO.
Sending to me, as one that promise both.
Pandolfo is the man. HAR P. What old *Pandolfo?*
ALB. The same: but stay, yon's *Furbo*, whose smoothest brow
Shines with good newes, and's visage promises
Triumphs and Trophies to's.

RON.

RON. My life h'as learnt out all, I know't by's Muſick;

Beare vp thy learned brow Albumazar, *Then* Furbo *ſings*
Liue long of all the world admir'd, *this ſong.*
For Art profound, and skill retir'd,
To cheating by the height of Starres.
Hence Gypſies, hence, hence rogues of baſer ſtraine,
That hazard life for little gaine:
Stand off and wonder, gape and gaze aſarre
At the rare skill of great Albumazar.

FVRB. *Albumazar*,
Spread out thy nets at large, here's fowle aboundance:
Pandolfo's ours, I vnderſtand his buſineſſe
Which I filch't cloſely from him, while he reueal'd
This man his purpoſes and proiects. ALB. Excellent!
FVR. Thankes to this inſtrument: for in pretence
Of teaching yong *Sulpitia*, th'old mans daughter,
I got acceſſe to th'houſe, and while I waited
Till ſhe was ready, ouer-heard *Pandolfo*
Open his ſecrets to his ſeruant: thus 'tis.
Antonio, Pandolfo's friend, and neighbour,
Before he went to *Barbarie*, agreed
To giue in marriage— ALB. *Furbo*, this no place
Fit to conſider curious points of buſineſſe.
Come let's away, I'le hear't at large aboue.
Ronca ſtay you below, and entertaine him
With a lowd noiſe of my deepe skill in Art.
Thou know'ſt my Roſie modeſtie cannot do it.
Harpax. vp you, and from my bed-chamber,
Where all things for our purpoſes are ready,
Second each beck, and nod, and word of ours.
You know my meaning. HAR. Yes, yes. FVR. Yes ſir.

Furbo goes out ſinging, Fa la la Pandolfo's ours. *Act.* I.

RONCA. PANDOLFO. CRICCA. *Scæn.* 2.

RO. THere's old *Pandolfo* amorous as youthful May,
And gray as Ianuary, Il'e attend him here.
PAN. *Cricca*, I ſeeke thy aid, not thy croſſe counſell,
I am mad in loue with *Flauia*, and muſt haue her:
Thou ſpend'ſt thy reaſons to the contrary,
Like arrowes 'gainſt an anuile: I loue *Flauia*

And must haue *Flauia*. CR. Sir you haue no reason,
Shee's a yong girle of sixteene, you of sixtie.
PAN. I haue no reason, nor spare roome for any,
Lou's herbinger hath chalk't vpon my heart,
And with a coale writ on my braine, for *Flauia*;
This house is wholy taken vp for *Flauia*.
Let reason get a lodging with her wit:
Vex me no more, I must haue *Flauia*.
CRI. But sir, her bother *Lelio*, vnder whose charge
Shee's now, after her father's death, sware boldly
Pandolfo neuer shall haue *Flauia*.
PAN. His father, e're hee went to *Barbarie*,
Promis'd her me: who bee hee liue or dead,
Spight of a Last of *Lelio's*, *Pandolfo*
Shall inioy *Flauia*. CRIC. Sir y'are too old.
PAN. I must confesse in yeares about three-score,
But in tuffe strength of body, foure and twenty,
Or two monthes lesse. Loue of yong *Flauia*,
More powerfull then *Medea's* drugges, renew's
All decay'd parts of man: my Arteries
Blowne full with youthfull spirits, moue the blood
To a new businesse: my withred Neru's grow plumpe
And strong, longing for action. Hence thou poore prop
Of feeblenesse and age: walke with such fires
As with cold palsies shake away their strength,
And loose their legges with cureless gouts. *Pandolfo*
New moulded is for Reuels, Masks, and Musick. *Cricca*
String my neglected Lute, and from my Armory
Skowre my best sword, companion of my youth, (warer,
Without which I seeme naked. CRI. Your loue, sir, like strong
To a deplor'd sick man, quick's your feeble limbs
For a poore moment. But after one night's lodging
You'l fall so dull and cold, that *Flauia*
Will shrike and leap from bed as from a Sepulcher.
Shall I speake plainer, sir? Shee'l Cuckold you:
Alas shee'l Cuckold you.
PAN. What mee? a man of knowne discretion,
Of riches, yeares, and this gray grauity?

I'le satisfy'r with gold, rich cloathes, and Iewels.
CRI. Wer't not farre fitter vrge your sonne *Eugenio*
To wooe her for himselfe? PAN. *Cricca* bee gone,
Touch no more there: I will and must haue *Flauia*.
Tell *Lelio*, if hee grant m'his sister *Flauia*,
I'le giue my daughter to him in exchange.
Be gone, and find me heere within this halfe houre.

RONCA. PANDOLFO.

RON. 'Tis well that's seruant's gone: I shall the easier *Act.* 1.
Wind vp his Master to my purposes. *Scæn.* 3.
PAN. Sure this some nouice of th'Artillery,
That winkes and shootes: sir, prime your peece anew:
The powder's wet: tick, tock, tick, tock.
RON. A good ascendent blesse me: sir are you frantick?
PAN. Why frantick? are not knockes the lawfull courses
T'open dores and eares? RON. Of vulgar men and houses.
PAN. Whose lodging's this? is't not th'Astrologers?
RON. His lodging? no: 'tis the learn'd *Phrontisterion*
Of most Diuine *Albumazar*. PAN. Good sir,
If the dore break, a better shall redeeme it.
RON. How! all your land sold at a hundreth yeares purchase
Cannot repaire th'dammage of one poore rap.
To thunder at the *Phrontisteron*
Of great *Albumazar*! PAN. Why man? what harme?
RON. Sir, you must know my Master's heauenly braine
Pregnant with mysteries of Metaphysickes,
Growes to an *Embryo* of rare contemplation,
Which at full time brought forth, excel's by farre
The armed fruit of *Vulcan's* Midwifry
That leapt from *Iupiters* mighty *Cranium*. PAN. What of all this?
RON. Thus one of your bold thunders may abortiue
And cause that birth miscary, that might haue prou'd
An instrument of wonders, greater and rarer
Then *Apollonius* the Magitian wrought. (you?
PAN. Are you your Masters Countrey-man? RO. Yes: why aske
PA. Then must I get an interpreter for your language.
RON. You need not; with a wind-instrument my Maister made,
In fiue daies you may breathe ten languages,

As

As perfect as the Diuell, or himselfe. PAN. When may I speake (with him?
RON. When't please the Starres.
Hee puls you not a haire, nor pare's a naile,
Nor stirres a foot without due figuring
The Horoscope. Sit downe a while and't please you,
I see the heauens incline to his approach.
PAN. What's this I pray you? RON. An engine to catch starres,
A mace t'arrest such Planets as haue lurk't
Foure thousand yeares vnder protection
Of *Iupiter* and *Sol*. PAN. Pray you speake English.
RON. Sir, 'tis a Perspicill, th'best vnder heauen:
With this I'le read a leafe of that small *Iliads*
That in a Wall-nut shell was desk't, as plainly,
Twelue long miles off, as you see *Paul.* from *Highgate*.
PAN. Wonderfull workman of so rare an instrument!
RON. 'Twill draw the Moone so neere, that you would sweare
The bush of Thornes in't prick your eyes: the Christall
Of a large Arch multiplies millions,
Worke's more then by poynt blanke: and by refractions
Optick and strange, searcheth, like th'eye of truth,
All closets that haue windowes. Haue at *Rome*,
I see the Pope, his Card'nals, and his Mule,
The *English* Colledge and the Iesuites,
And what they write and do. PAN. Let me see too.
RON. So farre you cannot: for this glasse is fram'd
For eyes of thirty: you are nigh three-score.
But for some fifty miles 'twill serue you,
With helpe of a refractiue glasse that's yonder.
For triall sir: where are you now? PAN. In *London*.
RON. Ha you found the glasse within that Chamber? PA. Yes.
RO. What see you? PA. Wonders, wonders: I see as in a Land-shap
An honourable throng of noble persons,
As cleere as I were vnder the same roofe.
Seemes by their gracious browes, and courteous lookes
Something they see, which if 't b'indifferent
They'l fau'rably accept: if otherwise
They'l pardon: who, or what they be, I know not. (else?
RON. Why that's the Court at *Cambridge* fortie miles hence: what

PAN.

PAN. A Hall thrust full of bare-heads, some bal'd, some bush't,
Some brauely branch't. RON. That's th'Vniuersitie
Larded with Townes-men. Look you there: what now?
PAN. Who? I see Douer Peere, a man now landing,
Attended by two Porters, that seeme to grone
Vnder the burthen of two loades of paper.
RON. That's *Coriatus Perficus*, and's obseruations
Of *Asia* and *Affrick*. PA. The price. RO. I dare not sel't.
But here's another of a strange vertue.
The great *Albumazar* by wondrous art,
In imitation of this Perspicill,
Hath fram'd an instrument that multiplies
Obiects of hearing, as this doth of seeing,
That you may know each whisper from *Prester Iohn*,
Against the winde, as fresh as 'twere deliuer'd
Through a trunke, or *Glosters* listning wall.
PAN. And may I see it sir? Blesse me once more.
RON. 'Tis something ceremonious; but you shall try't.
Stand thus. What heare you? PA. Nothing. RO. Set your hands thus
That th'vertex of the Organ may perpendicularly
Point at our Zenith. What heare you now? ha, ha, ha.
PA. A humming noyse of laughter. RO. Why that's the Court
And Vniuersitie, that now are merry
With an old Gentleman in a Comœdy. What now?
PAN. Celestiall musicke; but it seemes farre off.
List, list, 'tis neerer now. RO. Tis musick 'twixt the acts. What now?
PAN. Nothing. RON. And now?
PAN. Musick againe, and strangely delicate.
O most Angelicall! they sing! RON. And now?

Sing sweetly, that our notes may cause
The heauenly Orbes themselues to pause:
And at our musick stand as still
As at Ioues *amorous will.*
So now release them, as before,
T'haue waited long enough, no more.

PAN. 'Tis gone, giue mee't againe. —— O doe not so.
RON. What heare you now? PAN. No more then a dead Oyster.
O let me see this wondrous instrument.

RO. Sir, this is cal'd an *Otoconsticon*. PAN. A *Consticon*?
Why 'tis a paire of Asses eares; and large ones.
RO. True: for in such a forme the great *Albumazar*
Hath fram'd it purposely, as fit'st receiuers
Of sounds, as spectacles like eyes for sight.
PA. What gold will buy't? RO. Ile sel't you when 'tis finish't.
As yet the Epiglottis is vnperfect.
PA. Soone as you can, and here's ten crowns in earnest.
For when 'tis done, and I haue purchas'd it,
I meane t'in-ail't on my heires male for euer,
Spite of the ruptures of the common law.
RO. Nay, rather giu't to *Flauia* for her Ioincture:
For she that marries you, deserues it richly.

CRICCA. PANDOLF. RONC.

Act. 1. *Scæn.* 4. CR. SIr, I haue spoke with *Lelio*, and he answeres.
PAN. Hang *Lelio* and his answers. Come hither *Cricca*.
Wonder for me, admire and be astonisht,
Maruaile thy selfe to Marble at these engines,
These strange *Gorgonian* instruments. CRI. At what?
PA. At this rare Perspicill and Otacousticon,
For with these two I'le heare and see all secrets,
Vndoe Intelligencers. Pray let my man see
What's done in *Rome*: his eyes are iust as yours are.
RO. *Pand'lfo*, are you mad? be wise and secret:
See you th'steepe danger you are tumbling in?
Know you not that these Instruments haue power
T'vnlock the hidden'st closets of whole states?
And you reueale such mysteries to a seruant?
Sir be aduis'd, or else you learne no more
Of our vnknowne Philosophie. PA. Inough.
What newes from *Lelio*? shall I haue his sister?
CRI. He sweares and vowes he neuer will consent.
She shall not play with worne antiquities,
Nor lie with snow and statues; and such replies
That I omit for reuerence of your worship.
PA. Not haue his sister? *Cricca* I will haue *Flauia*,
Maugre his head: by meanes of this Astrologer.
Ile enioy *Flauia*. Are the starres inclin'd

To

To his diuine approach? Ro. One minute brings him.
CRI. What Strologer? PA. The learned man I told thee,
Th'high Almanack of *Germany*, an *Indian*
Farre beyond *Trebisond*, and *Tripoli*,
Close by the worlds end: a rare Coniurer,
And great Astrologer. His name, pray sir?
Ro. *Albumazaro Meteoroscopico.*
CRI. A name of force to hang him, without triall.
PA. As he excels in Science, so in Title.
He tels of lost plate, horses, and straid cattell,
Directly, as he had stolne them all himselfe.
CR. Or he, or some of his confederates.
PA. As thou respects thy life, looke to thy tongue.
Albumazar hath an Otacousticon.
Be silent, reuerent, and admire his skill,
See what a promising countenance appeares:
Stand still and wonder, wonder and stand still:

ALBVMAZAR. RONCA. PANDOLF. CRICCA. *Act. 1. Scæn. 5.*

AL. *Ronca*, the bunch of planets new found out
Hanging at th'end of my best Perspicill,
Send them to *Galileo* at *Padua*;
Let him bestow them where hee please. But th'starres
Lately discouer'd 'twixt the homes of *Ariet*,
Are as a present for *Pandolfo's* marriage,
And henceforth stil'd *sydera Pandolfea.*
PA. My marriage *Cricca*? hee foresees my marriage:
O most Celestiall *Albumazar!*
CRI. And sends y'a present from the head of *Ariet.*
ALB. My Almanack made for th'Meridian
And height of *Japan*, giu't th'East-Indy company:
There may they smell the price of Cloues, and Pepper,
Munkies and China-dishes fiue yeares ensuing;
And know th'successe o'th voyage of *Magores.*
For in the volume of the Firmament
We children of the starres read things to come,
As clearely as poore Mortals stories past
In Speed, or *Hollingshead.* Ro. The perpetuall motion
With a true larum in't to run twelue houres

'Fore *Mahomets* returne. AL. Deliuer it safe
T'a *Turkie* Factor, bid him with care present it
From me to th'house of *Ottoman*. RO. I will sir.
CRI. Pray you stand here, and wonder now for me,
Be astonish't at this *Gergon*, for I cannot.
Vpon my life he proues a meere Impostor.
PAN. Peace, not a word, be silent and admire.
AL. As for the issue of th'next Summers warres,
Reueal't to none, keep't to thy selfe in secret,
As touch-stone of my skill in Prophesie. Be gone. RON. I go sir.
AL. Signior *Pandolfo*, I pray you pardon me,
Exoticall dispatches of great consequence
Staid me; and casting the Natiuitie
O'th *Cham* of *Tartary*, and a priuate conference
With a Mercuriall Intelligence.
Y'are welcome in a good houre, better minute,
Best second, happiest third, fourth, fift, and scruple.
Let the twelue houses of the Horoscope
Be lodg'd with Fortitudes, and fortunates,
To make you blest in your designes *Pandolfo*.
PA. Wer't not much trouble to your starry imployments,
I a poore mortall would intreat your furtherance
In a terrestriall businesse. AL. My Ephemeris lies,
Or I fore-see your errant: thus 'tis, thus.
You had a neighbour cald *Antonio*,
A Widower like your selfe, whose onely daughter
Flauia, you loue; and he as much admir'd
Your child *Sulpitia*. Is not this right?
PA. Yes sir. O strange! *Cricca*, admire in silence.
AL. You two decreed a counter-match betwixt you,
And purpos'd to truck daughters. Is't not so?
PA. Iust as you say't. *Cricca*, admire and wonder.
CR. This no such secret: looke to your selfe, hee'l cheat you.
AL. *Antonio* after this match concluded,
Hauing great summes of gold in *Barbary*,
Desires of you before he consummate
The Rites of matrimony, he might go thither
For three months; but as now 'tis three and three,

Since

Since hee embark't, and is not yet return'd.
Now sir your businesse is to me, to know
Whether *Antonio* be dead or liuing.
I'le tell you instantly. PA. Hast thou reueal'd it?
I told it none but thee. CR. Not I. PA. Why stare you?
Are you not well? ALB. I wander 'twixt the Poles
And heau'nly Hinges, 'mongst excentricals,
Centers, Concentrickes, Circles, and Epicycles,
To hunt out an aspect fit for your businesse.
CR. Meane ostentation! for shame awake your selfe.
ALB. And since the lampe of heauen is newly entred
To *Cancer*, old *Antonio* is starke dead,
Drown'd in the sea stone dead: for *radius directorius*
In the sixt house; and th'waning Moon by *Capricorne*,
Hee's dead, hee's dead. CR. 'Tis an ill time to marry.
The Moone growes fork't, and walks with *Capricorne*.
PAN. Peace foole: these words are full of Mysteries.
ALB. What ominous face and dismall countenance,
Mark't for disasters, hated of all the heauens,
Is this that followes you? PAN. Hee is my seruant,
A plaine and honest speaker, but no harme in him.
CRI. What see you in my face?
ALB. Horror and darkenesse, death and gallowsse,
I'de sweare th'art hang'd, stood'st thou but two foot higher.
But now thy Starres threaten a neerer death.
Sir, send to toale his knell. PA. What is he dead?
ALB. He shall be by the dint of many stabs:
Onely I spy a little hope of scaping,
Thorough the clouds, and foule aspects of death,
CRI. Sir, pray giue no credit to this Cheater,
Or with his words of Art hee'l make you dote
As much on his fain'd skill, as on faire *Flauia*.

HARPAX. FVRBO. ALBVMAZAR. PANDOLFO. CRICCA. *Act. 1. Scen. 6.*

HAR. STay villaine, stay, though safety't selfe defends thee
Thou diest. FVR. Come do thy worst, thrust sure, or die.
CRI. For heau'n sake Gentlemen stay your hands, help, helpe.
Help *Albumazar*. HARP. Thus to the hinderer

Of my reuenge. CRIC. Saue me *Albumazar*.
FVRB. And thus, and thus, and thus. CRI. Ma'ſter I die, I die.
HAR. Flieſt thou baſe coward? 'tis not thy heeles can ſaue thee.

Act. I. *Scæn.* 7. ALBVM. PAND. CRIC. (am dead,
CRI. Oh! oh! PAN. What ailes thee *Crice*? CRI. I am dead, I
Trouble your ſelfe no more. PA. What dead & ſpeak'ſt?
CRIC. Onely there's left a little breath to tell you.
PA. Why, where art hurt? CRI. Stab'd with a thouſand daggers,
My heart, my lights, my liuer, and my skinne,
Pearſt like a ſiue. PAN. Here's not a wound, ſtand vp,
'Tis but thy feare. CRIC. 'Tis but one wound all ouer.
Softly, ô ſoftly: y'haue loſt the trueſt ſeruant; Farewell, I die.
ALB. Liue by my curteſie, ſtand vp and breathe.
The dangerous and malignant influence is paſt:
But thanke my charity that put by the blowes,
The leaſt of which threatned a dozen graues.
Now learne to ſcoffe diuine Aſtrologie,
And ſlight her ſeruants. CRI. A Chirurgion, good ſir, a Surgeon.
ALB. Stand vp man, th'haſt no harme, my life for thine.
PAN. Th'art well, th'art well. CRI. Now I perceiue I am:
I pray you pardon mee Diuine Aſtrologer.
ALB. I do, but hence-forth laugh at Aſtrologie
And call her ſeruants Cheaters.
PAN. Now to our buſineſſe: on good *Albumazar*.
AL. Now ſince the Moone paſſeth from *Capricorne*,
Through *Aquarius* to the watty Signe of *Piſces*,
Antonio's drown'd, and is deuour'd by Fiſhes.
PAN. Is't certaine? AL. Certaine. PAN. Then let my earneſtnes
Intreate your skill a fauour. ALB. It ſhall: but firſt
I'le tell you what you meane to aske me. PAN. Strange!
ALB. *Antonio* dead that promis'd you his daughter,
Your buſineſſe is t'intreate mee raiſe his Ghoſt,
And force it ſtay at home til't haue perform'd
The promiſe paſt, and ſo returne to reſt.
PAN. That, that, y'haue hit it moſt Diuine *Albumazar*.
ALB. 'Tis a hard thing: for *de priuatione ad habitũ non datur regreſſus*.
O what a buſineſſe! what a Maiſter-peece
'Tis to raiſe vp his Ghoſt, whoſe bodie's eaten

By fish! This work desires a Planetarie Intelligence
Of *Iupiter* and *Sol*: and these great Spirits,
Are proud, phantasticall: It ask's much charges,
T entice them from the guiding of their Spheares (no cost.
To waite on mortals. PAN. So I may haue my purpose, spare for
ALB. Sir, spare your purse, wee'l do't an easier way.
The work shall cost you nothing.
We haue an Art is cal'd *Praestigatory*,
That deales with Spirits, and Intelligences
Of meaner office and condition;
Whose seruice craues small charges. With one of these
I'le change some seruant, or good friend of yours,
To th'perfect shape of this *Antonio*;
So like in face, behauiour, speech, and action,
That all the Towne shall sweare *Antonio* liues.
PAN. Most Necromanticall Astrologer,
Do this, and take me for your seruant euer.
And for your paines, after the transformation,
This Chaine is yours; it cost two hundred pound
Beside the Iewell. AL. After the worke is finish'd, then- How now!
What lines are these that look sanguineous,
As if the Starres coniur'd to do you mischiefe?
PAN. How? meane you mee? AL. They'r dusky marks of *Saturne*.
It seemes some stone shall fall vpon your head,
Threatning a fracture of the *Pericranium*.
PAN. *Cricca* come hither, fetch me my staffe againe,
Three-score and ten's return'd: A generall palsie
Shakes out the loue of *Flauia* with a feare.
Is there no remedy? AL. Nothing but patience.
The planet threatens so, whose prey you are.
The Starres and planets daily warre together.
For should they stand at truce but one halfe houre,
This wondrous Machin of the world would ruin.
Who can withstand their powerfull Influence?
PAN. You, with your wisedome, good *Albumazar*.
ALB. Indeed th'*Aegyptian Ptolmie* the wise
Pronounst it as an Oracle of truth; *Sapiens dominabitur astris*.
Who's aboue there? *Ronca*, bring downe the Cap

Made:

Made in the point of *Mercury* being afcendent:
Here put it on, and in your hand this Image,
Fram'd on a Tueſday when the fierce God of warre
Mounted th'horizon in the Signe of *Aries*.
With theſe walke as vnwounded as *Achillet*,
Dip'd by his mother *Thetis*. PAN. You bind me to your ſeruice.
ALB. Next get the man you purpoſe to transforme,
And meete mee heere. PAN. I will not faile to finde you.
ALB. Meane while with *Scioſericall* inſtrument,
By way of *Azimuth* and *Almicantarath*
I'le ſeeke ſome happy point in heauen for you.
PAN. I reſt your ſeruant, ſir. AL. Let all the Starres
Guide you with moſt propitious influence.

Act. 1. *Scæn.* 8.

PANDOLFO. CRICCA.

PAN. HEer'es a ſtrange man indeed, of skill profound:
How right hee knew my buſineſſe, 'fore hee ſaw mee,
And how thou skoft's him when we talk't in priuate.
'Tis a braue inſtrument his *Otaconſticon*.
CRIC. In earneſt ſir I tooke him for a Cheater;
As many, vnder name of cunning men
With promiſe of Aſtrologie, much abuſe
The gaping vulgar, wronging that ſacred skill,
That in the Starres reades all our actions.
PAN. Is there no arches o're our heads? looke *Cricca*.
CRI. None but the Arch of heauen, that cannot fall.
PA. Is not that made of Marble? I haue read
A ſtone drop't from the Moone: And much I feare
The fit ſhould take her now, and void an other.
CRI. Feare nothing ſir, this charm'd *Mercuriall* cap
Shields from the fall of Mountaines: 'tis not a ſtone
Can check his Art, walk boldly. PA. I do, let's in. *Finis Act.* 1.

Act. 2. *Scæn.* 1.

TRINCALO. ARMELLINA.

TR. HEE that ſaith I am not in loue, hee lies *De capite*; For I am idle, choicely neate in my cloaths, valiant, & extreme witty: My meditations are loded with metaphors, & my ſongs ſonnets: Not a cur ſhakes his taile, but I ſigh out a paſſion:

paſsion: thus doe I to my miſtreſſe; but alas I kiſſe the dogge, and ſhe kickes mee. I neuer ſee a yong wanton Filly, but, ſay I, there goes *Armellina*; nor a luſty ſtrong Aſſe, but I remember my ſelfe, and ſit downe to conſider what a goodly race of Mules would inherit, if ſhe were willing: onely I want vtterance; and that's a maine marke of loue too. ARM. *Trincalo, Trincalo!*

TRI. O 'tis *Armellina*: now if ſhe haue the wit to begin, as I meane ſhe ſhould, then will I confound her with complements drawn from the Plaies I ſee at the Fortune, and Red Bull, where I learne all the words I ſpeake and vnderſtand not.

ARM. *Trincalo*, what price beares Wheate and Saffron, that your band's ſo ſtiffe and yellow? Not a word? Why *Trincalo!* what buſineſſe in Towne? how do's all at Totnam? Growne mute? What do you bring from the Countrey?

TRI. There 'tis. Now are my ſloud-gates drawn, and I'le ſur-round her. What haue I brought ſweet bit of beautie? a hundred thouſand ſalutations o'th'elder houſe to your moſt illuſtrious Honour and Worſhip.

ARM. To me theſe titles? is your basket full of nothing elſe?

TRI. Full of the fruits of loue, moſt reſplendent Lady; a preſent to your worthineſſe from your worſhips poore vaſſaile *Trincalo*.

ARM. My life on't hee ſcrap't theſe complements from his Cart, the laſt load hee carried for the Progreſſe. What ha you read that makes you grow ſo eloquent?

TRI. Sweet Madam, I read nothing but the lines of your Ladiſhips countenance, and deſire onely to kiſſe the skirts of your garment, if you vouchſafe me not the happineſſe of your white hands.

ARM. Come, giue's your basket, and take it.

TRI. O ſweet! now will I neuer waſh my mouth after, nor breath but at my noſthrills, leaſt I looſe the taſt of her finger. *Armellina*, I muſt tell you a ſecret, if you'l make much on't.

ARM. As it deſerues: what is't?

TRI. I loue you, deere morſell of modeſty, I loue: and ſo truly, that I'le make you miſtreſſe of my thoughts, Lady of my reuenues, and commit all my moueables into your hands, that is, I giue you an eatneſt kiſſe in the high-way of Matrimony.

AR. Is this the end of all this buſineſſe?

TRIN. This is the end of all buſineſſe, moſt beautifull, and moſt

worthy to be moſt beautifull Lady.

ARM. Hence foole, hence.

TRI. Why now ſhe knowes my meaning, let it worke: She put vp the fruit in her lap, and threw away the basket: 'tis a plaine ſigne, ſhe abhorres the words, and embraces the meaning. O lips, no lips, but leaues beſmear'd with mel-dew! O dew, no dew, but drops of Hony combs! O combes, no combes, but fountaines full of teares! O teares, no teares, but—— *Exit.*

PANDOLFO. TRINCALO.

Act.2. Scan.2.

PAN. CRices denies me; no perſwaſions
Proffers, rewards, can worke him to transforme.
Yonder's my Countrey Farmer *Trincalo*.
Neuer in fiter time good *Trincalo*.

TRI. Like a leane horſe t'a freſh and luſty Paſture.

PAN. What rent do'ſt pay me for thy Farme at *Tolnam*?

TRI. Ten pound; and find't too deere a peny-worth.

PAN. My hand here: take it rent-free for three liues,
To ſerue me in a buſineſſe I'le employ thee.

TRI. Serue you? I'le ſerue, reſerue, conſerue, preſerue,
Deſerue you for th'one halfe: ô *Armellina*,
A Ioincture, a Ioincture! what's your employment?

PAN. Here's an Aſtrologer has a wondrous ſecret
To transforme men to other ſhapes, and perſons.

TR. How? transforme things to men? I'le bring nine Taylors
Refus'd laſt muſter, ſhall giue fiue Markes a peece
To ſhape three men of ſeruice out of all,
And grant him th'remnant ſhreds aboue the bargaine.

PA. Now if thou'lt let him change thee, take this Leaſe
Drawn ready; put what liues thou pleaſeſt. TR. Stay ſir,
Say I am transform'd; who ſhall enioy the Leaſe?
I, or the perſon I muſt turne to? PAN. Thou,
Thou: the reſemblance laſts but one whole day:
Then home true Farmer, as thou wer't before.

TR. Where ſhall poore *Trincalo* be? how's this? transform'd?
Tranſmuted? how? Not I; I loue my ſelfe
Better then ſo: there's your Leaſe. I'de not venter
For th'whole Fee-ſimple. PAN. Tell me the difference
Betwixt a foole and wiſe man. TR. 'Faith as much

As 'twixt you worſhip and my ſelfe. PA. A wiſe man
Accepts all faire occaſions of aduancement,
Flies no commoditie for feares of danger,
Venters, and gaines, liues eaſily, drinkes good wine,
Fares neatly, 's richly cloath'd, in worthieſt company;
While your poore foole and Clowne, for feare of perill,
Sweats hourly for a dry browne cruſt to bed-ward,
And wakes all night for want of moiſture. TR. Wel ſir,
I'de rather ſtarue in this my loued Image,
Then hazard thus my life for others lookes.
Change is a kind of death, I dare not try it.
PAN. 'Tis not ſo dangerous as thou tak'ſt it: wee'l only
Alter thy countenance for a day. Imagine
Thy face mask't onely: or that thou dream'ſt all night
Thou wer't apparrel'd in *Antonio's* forme,
And waking, find'ſt thy ſelfe true *Trincalo*.
TR. A'*ntonio's* forme? was not *Antonio* a Gentleman?
PA. Yes, and my neighbour, that's his houſe. TR. O ho!
Now do I ſmell th'Aſtrologers trick: hee'l ſteepe me
In Souldiers bloud; or boyle me in a Cauldron
Of barbarous Law-French: or annoynt me ouer
With ſupple oyle of great mens ſeruices.
For theſe three meanes raiſe Yeomen to the Gentry.
Pardon me ſir: I hate theſe medicines. Fy!
All my poſteritie will ſmell and taſt on't
'Long as the houſe of *Trincalo* endures.
PAN. There's no ſuch buſines, thou ſhalt only ſeeme ſo,
And thus deceiue *Antonio's* family.
TR. Are you aſſur'd? 'twould grieue me to be brayd
In a huge Mortar, wrought to paſte, and moulded
To this *Antonio's* mould. Grant I be turn'd: what then?
PAN. Enter his houſe, be reuerenc'd by his ſeruants,
And giue his daughter *Flauia* to me in marriage.
The circumſtances I'le inſtruct thee after.
TR. Pray giue me leaue: this ſide ſaies do't; this do not.
Before I leaue you, Tom *Trincalo* take my counſell.
Thy miſtreſſe *Armellina* is *Antonio's* Maide,
And thou in his ſhape mayſt poſſeſſe her. Turne.

But if I bee *Antonio*, then *Antonio*
Enioyes that happineſſe, not *Trincalo*.
A pretty trick to make my ſelfe a Cuckold.
No, no; there take your Leaſe. I'le hang firſt. Soft,
Be not ſo cholerick *Thomas*: If I become *Antonio*,
Then all his riches follow. This faire occaſion
Once vaniſh't, hope not the like; of a ſtarke Clowne
I ſhall become a ſpeck and ſpan Gentleman.
A poxe of Plowes, and Carts, and Whips, and Horſes.
Then *Armellina* ſhall be giuen to *Trincalo*,
Three hundred crownes her portion: Wee'l get a Boy
And call him *Transformation Trincalo*.
I'le do't ſir. PA. Art reſolu'd? TR. Reſolu'd? 'tis done,
With this condition: after I haue giu'n your Worſhip
My daughter *Flauia*, you ſhal then moue my Worſhip,
And much intreate me, to beſtow my Maid
Vpon my ſelfe, I ſhould ſay *Trincalo*.
PAN. Content, and for thy ſake will make her portion
Two hundred Crownes. TR. Now are you much deceiu'd:
I neuer meant it. PAN. How? TR. I did but ieſt.
And yet my haad I'le do't. For I am mutable,
And therefore apt to change. Come ſir, come quickly,
Let's to th'Aſtrologer, and there transforme,
Reforme, conforme, deforme me at your pleaſure.
I loath this Countrey countenance; diſpatch: my skin
Itches like a Snakes in Aprill, to be ſtript off.
Quickly, O quickly, as you loue *Flauia*, quickly.

ALBVM. PAND. RONCA. TRINCALO.

Act. 2. *Scæn.* 3. ALB. SIgnior *Pandolfo*, y'arriue in happieſt houre.
If the ſeuen planets were your neereſt kindred,
And all the Conſtellations your allies:
Were the twelue Houſes, and the Innes o'th'Zodiack
Your owne fee-ſimple: they could nere ha choſen
A fitter place to fauour your deſignes.
For the great Luminaries looke from Hilech,
And midſt of heauen in angles, coniunctions,
And fortunate aſpects of Trine and Sextile,
Ready to powre propitious influences,

PAN. Thank's to your power and cutt'sie that so plac'd them.
This is the man that's ready for the businesse.
AL. Of a most happy count'nance, and timber fit
To square to th'gentry: his lookes as apt for changing,
As he were cou'red with Camælions skinnes.
TR. Except my hands; and 'twill be troublesome
To fit these fingers to *Antonio's* Gloues.
PAN. 'Pray let's about the worke as soone as may be.
ALB. First choose a large low roome, who's dore's full East,
Or neere inclining: for th'Orientall quarter's
Most bountifull of fauours. PAN. I haue a Parler
Of a great square and height, as you desire it.
ALB. Southward must looke a wide and spacious window:
For howsoeuer *Omar*, *Alchabitius*,
Hali, *Abenezra*, seeme somewhat to dissent;
Yet *Zoroastres*, sonne of *Oromasus*,
Hiarcha Brachman, *Thespion Gymnosophist*,
Gebir, *Budda Babylonicus*,
With all the subtile *Cabalists* and *Chaldees*,
Sweare the best influence: For our metamorphosis
Stoopes from the South, or as some say, South-east.
PA. This roome's as fit as you had made't of purpose.
TRI. Now do I feele the Calfe of my right legge
Twingle, and dwindle to th'smalnesse of a bed-staffe.
Such a speech more turnes my high shooes strait boots.
RO. Ne're were those Authors cited to better purpose.
For through that window all *Pandolfo's* treasures
Must take their flight and fall vpon my shoulders.
ALB. Now if this light Meridionall had a large casement
That ouer-look't some vnfrequented alley,
'Twere much more proper: for th'Intelligences
Are nice and coy, scorning to mix their essence
With throng'd disturbance of crosse multitudes.
RON. Spoken by Art, *Albumazar*: a prouident setter:
For so shall we receiue what thou hand'st out
Free from discouery. But in my conscience
All windowes point full South for such a businesse.
PAN. Go to my house, satisfie your curious choice,

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But credit me, this Parler's fit, it neighbours
To a blind Alley, that in buſieſt Tearme-time
Feeles not the footing of one paſſenger.
ALB. Now then declining from *Theourgia*,
Asteneſoria, *Pharmacia*, reiecting
Necro-puro-geo-hydro-chiero-coſcinomancy,
With other vaine and ſuperſtitious Sciences,
Wee'l ancor at the Art Preſtigiatorie,
That repreſents one figure for another,
With ſmooth deceit abuſing th'eyes of mortals.
TR. O my right arme! 'tis alter'd, and me thinkes
Longs for a ſword: theſe words haue ſlaine a Plow-man.
ALB. And ſince the Moone's the onely Planet changing
For from the *Neomenia* in ſeuen daies
To the *Dicotima*, in ſeuen more to th' *Panſelinum*,
And in as much from *Plenilunium*
Thorow *Dicotima* to *Neomenia*,
'Tis ſhe muſt helpe vs in this operation.
TR. What Townes are theſe? the ſtrangeneſſe of theſe names,
Hath ſcal'd the markes of many a painefull Harueſt,
And made my new-pil'd fingers itch for dice.
PAN. Deeply conſidred wondrous *Albumazar*:
O let me kiſſe thoſe lips that flow with ſcience.
AL. For by her various lookes ſhe intimates
To vnderſtanding ſoules, that onely ſhee
Hath power t'effect a true formation.
Cauſe then your Parler to be ſwept carefully,
Waſh't, rub'd, perfum'd, hang'd round from top to bottome
With pure white lunarie Tapſtry, or needle-worke;
But if 'twere cloath of ſiluer, 'twere much better.
RON. Good, good! a rich beginning: good! what's next?
ALB. Spread all the floore with fineſt Holland ſheets,
And ouer them faire damaske Table-cloathes,
Aboue all theſe draw me chaſt virgins aprons:
The roome, the worke, and workman muſt be pure.
TRIN. With virgins aprons? th'whole compaſſe of this Citie
Cannot affoord a dozen. RON. So, there's ſhirts
And bands to furniſh all on's for a twelue-month.

ALB. An Altar in th'midſt, loaded with plate
Of Siluer, Baſens, Yewres, Cups, Candleſtickes.
Flaggons & Beakers, Salts, Chargers, Caſting-bottles.
'Twere not amiſſe to mix ſome Bowles of gold,
So they be maſſie; the better to reſemble
The louely brother-hood of *Sol* and *Luna*.
Alſo ſome Diamonds for *Iupiter*.
For by the whiteneſſe and bright ſparkling luſtres
We allure th'Intelligences to deſcend.
RON. *Furbo* and I are thoſe Intelligences
That muſt attend vpon the Magiſtery.
ALB. Now for the ceremonious ſacrifice,
Prouide ſuch creatures as the Moone delights in,
Two ſucking Lambs, white as the Alpine ſnow:
Yet if they haue a mole or two, 'twill paſſe.
The Moone her ſelfe wants not her ſpots. PAN. 'Tis true.
RON. Were they hell-black, wee'd make a ſhift to eate them.
ALB. White Capons, Pheaſants, Pigions: one little Black-bird
Would ſtaine and ſpoyle the worke. Get ſeuerall Wines
To quench the holy Embers: Rheniſh, Greeke wine,
White Muskadell, Sheery, and rich Canarie,
So't be not growne too yellow; for the quicker,
Briſker, and older, the better for theſe Ceremonies.
The more aboundance, ſooner ſhall we finiſh.
For 'tis our rule in ſuch like buſineſſes,
Who ſpares moſt, ſpends moſt. Either this day muſt do't,
Or th'reuolution of fiue hundred yeares
Cannot: ſo fit are all the heauens to helpe vs.
RON. A thouſand thankes: thou'lt make a compleate cheate.
Thus loaded with this treaſure, cheer'd with wine,
Strengthned with meate: wee'l carry thee in Triumph,
As the great Generall of our atchieuement.
PAN. Sir, for rich Plate and Iewels, I haue ſtore;
But know not how to furniſh you with Hangings.
ALB. Cannot you borrow from the ſhops? Foure houres
Shall render all as faire as you receiu'd it.
PAN. That can I eaſily do. ALB. And heare you ſir:
If you chance meete with boxes of white Comfites,

Marchpane,

March-pane, dry ſucket, Macarouns and Diet-bred,
Twill help on well. RON. To furniſh out our banquet
ALB. I had cleane forgot, we muſt haue Amber Greece,
The grayeſt can be found, ſome dozen ounces,
I'le vſe but halfe a dram: but 'tis our faſhion
T'offer a little from a greater lumpe.
PAN. All ſhall be done with expedition.
ALB. And when your man's transform'd, the chaine you promiſ'd.
PAN. My hand: my deeds ſhall waite vpon my promiſe.
ALB. Lead then with happy foote to view the Chamber.
PAN. I go ſir. *Trincalo* attend vs heere,
And not a word on perill of thy life.
TRI. Sir, if they kill mee I'le not ſtirre a foot,
And if my tongue's pul'd out, not ſpeake a word.

Act.2. TRINCALO. CRICCA.

Scæn.4. TR. O what a buſineſſe 'tis to be transform'd!
My Maſter talks of foure and twenty houres,
But if I mue theſe Flagges of Yeomanry,
Guild in the ſeare, and ſhine in bloome of Gentry,
'Tis not their Strologie, nor Sacrifice,
Shall force mee caſt that Coat. I'le neuer part with't
Till I be Shrieſe of th'Countie, and in Commiſſion
Of Peace and Quorum. Then will I get m'a Clarke,
A practiſ'd fellow, wiſer then my Worſhip.
And dominere amongſt my fearefull neighbours,
And feaſt them bountifully with their owne bribes. CR. *Trincalo*!
TR. Weare a gold chaine at euery Quarter Seſſions,
Look big, and graue, and ſpeak not one wiſe word. CR. *Trincalo*!
TR. Examine wenches got with child, and curiouſly
Search all circumſtances: haue blank *Mittimuſſes*
Printed in readineſſe; breathe nought but Sirra,
Rogue, ha? how? hum? Conſtable looke to your charge.
Then vouch a Statute and a Latine Sentence,
Wide from the matter. CR. *Trincalo*. TR. Licenſe all Ale-houſes,
Match my ſonne *Tranſformation* t'a Knights daughter,
And buy a bouncing Pedigree of a Welſh Herault: and then --
CR. What in ſuch ſerious meditations?
TR. Faith no; but building Caſtles in the aire.

While

While th'weather's fit: O *Cricca*, ſuch a buſineſſe!
CRI. What is it? TRI. Nay ſoft, th'are ſecrets of my maiſter,
Lock't in my breaſt: he haz the key at's purſe-ſtrings.
CRI. My maiſters ſecret! keep it good Farmer, keep it,
I would not lend an eare to't if thou'dſt hire me. Farewell.
TRI. O how it boyles and ſwells: if I keep't longer,
'Twill grow t'impoſtume in my breaſt, and choake me, *Cricca*.
CRI. Adieu good *Trincalo*, the ſecrets of our betters
Are dangerous, I dare not know't, TRI. But hear'ſt thou,
Say I ſhould tell, canſt keep't as cloſe as I doe?
CRI. Yes: but I had rather want it. Adieu. TRI. *Albumazar*.
CR. Farewell. TR. *Albumazar*. CR. Prethee. TR. *Albumazar*
Th'Aſtrologer hath vndertooke to change me
T'*Antonio's* ſhape: this done, muſt I giue *Flauia*
To my old maſter, and his maid to *Trincalo*.
CR. But where's *Pandolfo* and *Albumazar*?
TR. Gone newly home to chooſe a chamber fitting
For tranſmutation: So now my heart's at eaſe.
CR. I feare the skill and cunning of *Albumazar*
With his blacke Art, by whom *Pandolfo* ſeekes
To compaſſe *Flauia*, ſpight of her brother *Lelio*,
And his owne ſonne *Eugenio* that loues her deerely.
I'le looſe no time, but finde them, and reveale
The plot, and worke to croſſe this accident.
But *Trincalo*, art thou ſo raſh and ventrous
To be transform'd with hazard of thy life?
TRI. What care I for a life, that haue a leaſe
For three? But I am certaine there's no danger in't.
CRI. No danger! cut thy finger and that pains thee;
Then what wil't do to ſhred and mince thy carkaſſe,
Bury't in horſe-dung, mould it new, and turne it
T'*Antonio*? and when th'art chang'd, if *Lelio*
Smell out your plot, what worlds of puniſhment
Thou muſt endure, poore *Trincalo*! The deſire
Of gaines abuſes thee: be not transform'd.
TRI. *Cricca*, thou vnderſtand'ſt not: for *Antonio*,
Whom I reſemble, ſuffers all: not I.
CRI. Yonder they come, I'le hence and haſt to *Lelio*. *Exit.*

Enter ALBVMAZAR. PANDOLFO. CRICCA.

Act. 2. *Scæn.* 5.

ALB. THe chamber's fit : prouide the Plate and Hangings,
And other neceſſaries : giue ſtrict order
The roome be cleans'd, perfum'd, and hang'd : meane while,
With Aſtrolabe, and Meteoroſcope,
Ile finde the *Cupe* and *Alfridaria*,
And know what Planet is in *Cazimi*.
PAN. All ſhall be ready ſir, as you command it.
TRI. Doctor *Albumazar*, I haue a veine of drinking,
And artery of lechery runs through my body:
Pray when you turne me Gentleman, preſerue
Thoſe two, if 't may be done with reputation.
ALB. Feare not, Ile only call the firſt, good fellowſhip,
And th'other, ciuill recreation.
TR. And when you come to th'hart, ſpoile not th'loue of *Armellina*,
And in my braine leaue as much diſcretion
As may ſpie falſhood in a Tauerne reckoning;
And let me alone for *bounty* to *winke* and pay't.
And if you change me perfectly,
Ile bring y'a dozen knights for cuſtomers.
ALB. I warrant thee : ſir, are you well inſtructed
In all theſe neceſſaries? PAN. Th'are in my table-Booke.
ALB. Forget not clothes for th'new transform'd, and robes
For me to ſacrifice : you know the faſhion.
Ile rather change fiue, then apparrell one :
For men haue liuing ſoules, clothes are vnanimate.
PAN. Here, take this Ring, deliuer it to my brother,
An officer in the Wardrobe, hee'l furniſh you
With robes and clothes of any ſtuffe, or faſhion.
ALB. *Almuten Alchichoden* of the Starres attend you.
PAN. I kiſſe your hands diuine Aſtrologer.

Act. 2. *Scæn.* 6.

PANDOLFO. TRINCALO.

PAN. VP quickely *Trincalo* to my childe *Sulpitia*,
Bid her lay out my faireſt damaske Table-clothes,
The faireſt holland ſheetes, all th'ſiluer plate,
Two goſſips cups of gold, my greateſt Diamonds :
Make haſte. TR. As faſt as *Alchochoden* and *Almuten*
Can carry me : for ſure theſe two are Diuels.
PAN. This is that bleſſed day I ſo much long'd for:

Foure

Foure houres attendance, till my man be chang'd,
Fast locks me in the louely armes of *Flauia*. Away *Trincalo*,
How slow the day slides on! When we desire
Times haste, it seemes to loose a match with Lobsters:
And when we wish him stay, he imps his wings
With feathers plum'd with thought. Why *Trincalo!*
TR. Here sir. PAN. Come, lets away for cloth of siluer, *Exit.*
Wine and materials for the Sacrifice.

LELIO. EVGENIO. CRICCA. *Act. 2. Scen. 7.*

LE. *Eugenio*, these are wonders past beliefe.
Is your old father of so poore a iudgement,
To thinke it in the power of man to turne
One person to another? EV. *Lelio*, his desire
T'inioy your sister *Flauia*, begets hope,
Which, like a waking dreame, makes false apparance
Liuely as truth it selfe. LE. But who's the man
That workes these miracles? EV. An Astrologer.
LE. How deales Astrologie with transmutation?
CRI. Vnder the vaile and colour of Astrologie,
He clouds his hellish skill in Necromancie.
Beleeue it, by some Art or false imposture,
Hee'l much disturbe your loue, and yours, *Eugenio*.
LE. *Eugenio*, tis high time for vs t'awake.
And as you loue our *Flauia*. and I
Your sister faire *Sulpitia*; let's doe something
Worthy their beauties. Who falles into a sea,
Swolne bigge with tempest, but he boldly beates
The waues with armes and legges, to saue his life?
So let vs striue 'gainst troublous stormes of loue
With our best power, lest after we ascribe
The losse to our dull negligence, not Fortune.
EV. *Lelio*, Had I no interest in your sister,
The holy league of friendship should command me,
Besides the seconding *Sulpitia's* loue,
Who to your nobleneſſe commends her life.
LE. She cannot out-loue, nor you out-friend me,
For th'sacred name whereof, I haue reiected
Your fathers offers, importunities,

Letters, Conditions, Seruants, Friends; and laſtly,
His tender of *Sulpitia* in exchange
For *Flauia*. But though I loue your ſiſter
Like mine owne ſoule, yet did the lawes of frindſhip
Maſter that ſtrong affection, and denied him.
EVG. Thankes euer, and as long ſhall my beſt ſeruice
Wait on your will. *Cricca*, our hope's in thee,
Thou muſt inſtruct vs. CR. You muſt truſt in Fortune
That make's or marre's the wiſeſt purpoſes.
LE. What ſaiſt? What thinkſt? CRI. Here's no great neede of (thinking
Nor ſpeech; the oyle of ſcorpions cure's their poiſon.
The thing it ſelfe that's bent to hurt and hinder you
Offer's a remedy: 'tis no ſooner knowne
But th'worſt on't is preuented. EV. How good *Cricca*?
CRI. Soone as you ſee this falſe *Antonio*
Come neare your dores with ſpeeches made of purpoſe,
Full of humility, and compaſſion:
With long narrations how he ſcap't from ſhipwracke,
And othet fain'd inuentions of his dangers:
Bid him be gone; and if he preſſe to enter,
Feare not the reuerence of your fathers lookes,
Cudgell him thence. LE. But wer't not better *Cricca*
Keep him faſt lock't, till his owne ſhape returne,
And ſo by open courſe of Law correct him?
CR. No. For my maſter would conceiue that counſell
Sprung from my braines: and ſo ſhould I repent it.
Aduiſe no more, but home, and charge your people,
That if *Antonio* come, they driue him thence
With threatning words, and blowes if need be. LE. 'Tis done:
I kiſſe your hands *Eugenio*. EVG. Your ſeruant, ſir.

Act. 2. EVGENIO. CRICCA. FLAVIA.
Scæn. 8. EVG. *Ricca*, commend my ſeruice to my Miſtreſſe.
CRI. Commend it t'her your ſelfe. Mark't you not, (while
We talk't, how through the window ſhee attended,
And fed her eyes on you? there ſhee's. EVG. 'Tis true.
And as from nights of ſtormes the glorious Sunne
Breakes from the Eaſt, and chaſeth thence the Clouds
That choake the aire with horror; ſo her beauty

Diſpels

Diſpels ſad darknes from my troubled thoughts,
And cleares my heart. FL. Life of my ſoule, wel met.
EVG. How is't my deereſt *Flauia*? FLA. *Eugenio*,
As beſt becomes a woman, moſt vnfortunate.
That hauing lou'd ſo long, and beene perſwaded
Her chaſte affection was by yours requited,
Haue by delayes beene famiſh'd. Had I conceal'd
Thoſe flames your vertue kindled, then y'had ſued,
Intreated, ſworne, and vow'd, and long ere this
Wrought all means poſſible to effect our marriage.
But now. EV. Sweet ſoule deſpaire not, weep not thus,
Vnleſſe you wiſh my heart ſhould life-bloud drop,
Faſt as your eyes do teares. What is't you feare?
FLA. Firſt, that you loue mee not. EVG. Not loue my *Flauia*?
Wrong not your iudgement: rip vp this amorous breaſt,
And in that Temple ſee a heart that burnes
I'th'veſtall ſacrifice of chaſteſt loue,
Before your beauties deity. FLA. If ſo,
Whence growes this coldnes in ſoliciting
My brother to the match? EV. Conſider ſweeteſt,
I haue a father riuall in my loue;
And though no duety, reuerence, nor reſpect
Haue power to change my thoughts: yet 'tis not comly
With open violence to withſtand his will;
But by faire courſes try to diuert his minde
From diſproportioned affections.
And if I cannot, then nor feare of anger,
Nor life, nor lands, ſhall croſſe our purpoſes.
Comfort your ſelfe ſweet *Flauia*: for your brother
Seconds our hopes with his beſt ſeruices.
FLA. But other feares oppreſſe me: mee thinkes I ſee
Antonio my old father, new return'd,
Whom all intelligence gaue drownd this 3. months,
Inforcing me to marry th'foole *Pandolfo*,
Thus to obtaine *Sulpitia* for himſelfe.
And ſo laſt night I dream'd, and euer ſince
Haue beene ſo ſcar'd, that if you haſte not (we moſt deſire,
Expect my death. EVG. Dreames flow from thoughts of things

Or feare, and seldome proue true Prophets, would they did.
Then were I now in full possession
Of my best *Flauia*: as I hope I shall be.
CRI. Sir, pray take your leaue; this to no end,
T'wil but increase your griefe and hers. EV. Farewell
Sweet *Flauia*, rest contented with assurance
Of my best loue and seruice. FLA. Farewell *Eugenio*.

Act. 2. *Scæn.* 9.

SVPITIA. FLAVIA.

SVL. *Flauia*, I kisse your hands.
FLA. *Sulpitia*, I pray you pardon mee, I saw you not.
SV. Ifaith you haue some fixt thoughts draw your eyes inward, when you see not your friends before you.
FLA. True, and I thinke the same that trouble you.
SV. Then 'tis the loue of a yong Gentleman, and bitter hatred of an old Dotard.
FLA. 'Tis so, witnesse your brother *Eugenio*, and the rotten Karcase of *Pandolfo*. Had I a hundred hearts, I should want roome to entertaine his loue, and the others hate.
SV. I could say as much, wer't not sinne to slaunder the dead. Miserable wenches, how haue wee offended our fathers, that they should make vs the price of their dotage, the medicine of their griefes, that haue more neede of Physicke our selues? I must be frost-bitten with the colde of your Dads winter, that mine may thaw his old ice with the spring of your sixteene. I thank my dead mother that left me a womans will in her last Testament: That's all the weapons we poore girles can vse: and with that will I fight against father, friends, and kindred; and either enioy *Lelio*, or die in the field in his quarrell.
FLA. *Sulpitia*, you are happy that can withstand your fortune with so merry a resolution.
SV. Why? should I twine mine armes to cables, and sigh my soule to ayre? sit vp all night like a watching Candle, and distill my braines through my eye-lids? Your brother loues me, and I loue your brother: and where these two consent, I would faine see a third could hinder vs.
FLA. Alas, our Sex is most wretched, nurst vp from infancie in continuall slauery. No sooner able to pray for our selues, but they brayle and hudde vs so with sowre awe of Parents, that wee dare

not

not offer to bate at our owne desires. And whereas it becomes men to vent their amorous passions at their pleasure; wee poore soules must take vp our affections in the ashes of a burnt heart, not daring to sigh, without excuse of the spleene, or fit of the mother.

SV. I plainely will professe my loue of *Lelio*, 'tis honest, chaste, and straines not modesty Shall I be married to *Antonio*, that hath beene a sousd sea-fish this three months? and if hee be aliue, comes home with as many impaires, as a hunting Gelding fallen Packe-horse. No, no, Ile see him freeze to Cristall first. In other things, good father, I am your most obedient daughter; but in this, a pure woman. Tis your part to offer, mine to refuse if I like not. *Lelio* is a hansome Gentleman, yong, fresh, rich, and well-fashioned, and him will *Sulpitia* haue, or die a maide: And yfaith the temper of my bloud tels me I was neuer borne to so cold a misfortune. Fie *Flauia*, fie wench, no more with teares and sighes, cheere vp. *Eugenio*, to my knowledge, loues you, and you shall haue him: I say you shall haue him.

FLA. I doubt not of his loue, but know no meanes how hee dares worke against so great a Riuall: your father in a spleene may disinherite him.

SV. And giue't to whom? has none but him and me: What though he dote a while vpon your beauty; he will not proue vnnaturall to his sonne. Go to your chamber: my Genius whispers in my eare, and sweares this night wee shall enioy our loues: and with that hope farewell.

FLA. Farewell *Sulpitia*. Finis Act. 2.

PANDOLFO. CRICCA.

Act. 3. *Scæn.* 1.

PAN. WHile the Astrologer hews out *Arincalo*,
Squaring and framing him t'*Antonio*,
Cricca, Ile make thee partner of a thought
That some thing troubles me. CRI. Say sir, what ist?
PAN. I haue no heart to giue *Albumazar*
The Chaine I promist him. CRI. Deliuer it me,
And Ile present it to him in your name.
PAN. 'Thas beene an aireloome to our house 400. yeares,
And should I leaue it now, I feare good fortune
Would flie from vs, and follow it. CRI. Then giue him.

The

The price in gold. PAN. It comes to a hundred pounds.
And how would that well husbanded grow in time?
I was a foole to promiſe, I confeſſe it,
I was too hote and forward in the buſineſſe.
CRI. Indeed I wondred that your wary thriftineſſe,
Not wont to drop one peny in a quarter
Idly, would part with ſuch a ſumme ſo eaſily.
PAN. My couetous thrift aimes at no other marke,
Then in fit time and place to ſhew my bounty.
Who giues continually, may want at length
Wherewith to feed his liberality.
But for the loue of my deare *Flauia*,
I would not ſpare my life, much leſſe my treaſure.
Yet if with honour I can win her cheaper,
Why ſhould I caſt away ſo great a ſumme?
CRI. True: I haue a tricke now hatching in my braine,
How you may hanſomely preſerue your credit,
And ſaue the chaine. PAN. I would gladly doe it,
But feare he vnderſtands vs what we ſay.
CRI. What can you looſe to try't? if it take (good *Cricca*
There's ſo much ſau'd; if otherwiſe, nothing loſt. PAN. What is't
CRI. Soone as *Albumazar* come's, loded with newes
Of th'tranſmutation of your ſeruant *Trincalo*,
I'le entertaine him here: meane while ſteale you
Cloſely into the roome, and quickely hide
Some ſpeciall peece of Plate: Then runne out amaz'd,
Roaring, that all the ſtreete may know y'are rob'd.
Next, threaten to attach him, and accuſe him
Before a Iuſtice: and in th'end agree;
If he reſtore the Plate, you'le giue the Chaine,
Otherwiſe not. PAN. But if we be diſcou'red.
For by his inſtruments and familiars
He can do much. CRI. Lay all the fault on *Trincalo*.
But here's the maine point. If you can diſſemble
Cunningly, and frame your countnance to expreſſe
Pitty and anger, that ſo learn'd a man
Should vſe his friend ſo baſely: If you can call
An Out-cry well, roare high, and terrible.

PAN. I'le fetch a cry from th'bottome of my heeles
But I'le cry loud enough; and thou muſt ſecond me
With wonder at the ſudden accident.
CRI. But your's is the maine part: for as you play't
You win or looſe the chaine. PAN. No more, no more, he comes.

ALBVM. PAND. CRICCA.

Act. 3. *Scæn.* 2.

ALB. SIgnior *Pandolfo*, three quatters of an houre
Renders your ſeruant perfectly transform'd.
CR. Is he not wholly chang'd? what parts are wanting?
AL. *Antonio's* ſhape hath cloath'd his bulke and viſage,
Onely his hands and feet ſo large and callous,
Require more time to ſupple. CRI. Pray you ſir
How long ſhall he retaine this metamorphoſis?
ALB. The compleat circle of a naturall day.
CRI. A naturall day? are any dayes vnnaturall?
ALB. I meane the reuolution o'th' firſt mover,
Iuſt twice twelue houres, in which period the rapt motion
Rowles all the Orbes from Eaſt to Occident. (Theues, theeues!
PAN. Helpe, helpe, theeues, theeues, neighbours I am rob'd,
CRI. What a noyſe make you ſir? PAN. Haue I not reaſon,
That thus am rob'd: theeues, theeues, call Conſtables,
The Watch, and Sergeants. Friends and Conſtables,
Neighbours I am vndone. CRI. This well begun
So he hold out ſtill with a higher ſtraine.
What ailes you ſir? PAN. *Cricca*, my chamber's ſpoyld
Of all my hangings, cloathes, and ſiluer plate.
CRI. Why this is bravely fain'd; continue ſir.
PAN. Lay all the Gold-ſmiths, Keepers, Marſhals, Bailifes.
CRI. Fie ſir, your paſſion falles, cry lowder, roare
That all the ſtreet may heare. PAN. Theeues, theeues, theeues!
All that I had is gone, and more then all.
CRI. Ha, ha'ha: hold out, hold out; lay out a Lyons throate,
A little lowder. PAN. I can cry no longer,
My throate's ſore, I am rob'd, I am rob'd, al's gone.
Both my owne treaſure, and the things I borrow'd.
Make thou an out-cry, I haue loſt my voyce:
Cry fire, and then they'l heare thee. CR. Good, good, theeues,
What ha you loſt? PAN. Wine, Iewels, Table-cloathes,

A cup-boord of rich plate. Cr. Fye, youl'e ſpoyle all.
Now you out-doe it. Say but a bowle or two.
Pan. Villaine, I ſay al's gone: the roome's as cleane
As a wip't looking-glaſſe: Oj me, oj me. (gull me ſure.
Cr. What, in good earneſt? Pa. Foole, in accurſed earneſt. Cr. You
Pan. The window towards the South ſtands ope, from whence
Went all my treaſure. Where's th'Aſtrologer?
Alb. Here ſir, and hardly can abſtaine from laughing
To ſee you vexe your ſelfe in vaine. Pan. In vaine *Albumazar*?
I left my plate with you, and 'tis all vaniſh't,
And you ſhall anſwere it. Alb. O! were it poſſible
By power of Art to checke what Art hath done,
Your man ſhould nere be chang'd: to wrong mee thus
With foule ſuſpition of flat felonie?
Your plate, your cloath of ſiluer, wine, and iewels,
Linnen, and all the reſt, I gaue to *Trincalo*;
And for more ſafetie lock't them in the lobby.
Hee'l keep them carefully. But as you loue your miſtres
Diſturbe him not this halfe houre, leaſt you'l haue him
Like to a Centaure, halfe Clowne, halfe Gentleman.
Suffer his foot and hand that's yet vntouch't,
To bee ennobled like his other members.
Pan. *Albumazar*, I pray you pardon me,
Th'vnlook'd-for bareneſſe of the roome amaz'd mee.
Alb. How? thinke you me ſo negligent to commit
So rich a maſſe of treaſure t'open danger
Of a large caſement, and ſuſpitious alley?
No ſir, my ſacrifice no ſooner done,
But I wrapt all vp ſafe, and gaue it *Trincalo*.
I could be angry, but that your ſudden feare
Excuſes you. Fie, ſuch a noyſe as this
Halfe an houre paſt, had skar'd th'Intelligences,
And ſpoyl'd the work. But no harme done: go walke
Weſtward, directly Weſtward, one halfe houre:
Then turn back, and take your ſeruant turn'd t'*Antonio*.
And as you like my skill performe your promiſe.
I meane the Chaine. Pan. Content. Let's ſtill go Weſtward,
Weſtward good *Cricca*, ſtill directly Weſtward.

ALB. RONCA. HARPAX. FVRBO.

ALB. Harpax, Furbo, and Ronca, come out, al's cleere,
why here's a noble prize, worth ventring for
Is not this brauer then sneake all night in danger,
Picking of locks, or hooking cloathes at windowes?
Here's plate, and gold, and cloath, and meat, and wine,
All rich, and easily got. Ronca, stay here about,
And wait till Trincalo come forth: then call him
With a low reuerence, Antonio:
Giue him this gold with thankes: tell him he lent it
Before he went to Barbarie. RO. How, loose ten peeces?
ALB. There's a necessity in't, deuise some course
To get't againe: if not, our gaine's sufficient
To beare that losse. Furbo, finde out Benilona
The Curtezan: let her faine her selfe a gentlewoman
Inamored of ANTONIO: bid her inuite him
To banket with her, and by all meanes possible
Force him stay there 2 houres. HAR. Why 2 houres?
ALB. That in that time thou maist conuey
Our treasure to the Inne, and speake a boate
Ready for Gravesend, and prouide a supper:
Where, with those pretious liquors, and good meates,
Wee'l cheere our selues; and thus well fed, and merry,
Take Boat by night. FVR. And what will you doe?
ALB. First, in and vsher out our changeling Trincalo:
Then finish vp a businesse of great profit,
Begun with a rich Marchant, that admires
My skill in Alchymie. I must not loose it.
RO. Harpax bestow the plate, Furbo our beards,
Blacke patches for our eyes, and other properties,
And at the time and place meete all at supper.

ALBVMAZAR TRINCALO. *Act. 3. Scæn. 4.*

AL. STand forth transform'd Antonio, fully mued
From browne soare feathers of dull yeomanry
To th'glorious bloome of gentry; prune your selfe slick
Sweare boldly y'are the man you represent,
To all that dare deny't. TRI. I finde my thoughts
Most strangely altred; but me thinkes my face
Feeles still like Trincalo. ALB. You imagine so.

Senſes are oft deceiu'd. As an attentiue angler
Fixing his ſteady eyes on the ſwift ſtreames
Of a ſteepe tumbling torrent, no ſooner turnes
His ſight to laad, but giddy, thinkes the firme bankes,
And conſtant trees, moue like the running waters:
So you that thirty yeares haue liu'd in *Trincalo*,
Chang'd ſuddenly, thinke y'are ſo ſtill; but inſtantly
Theſe thoughts will vaniſh. TR. Giue me a looking-glaſſe
To read your skill in theſe new lineaments.
ALB. I'de rather giue you poyſon: for a glaſſe
By ſecret power of croſſe reflections,
And optick vertue, ſpoyles the wondrous worke
Of transformation, and in a moment tutnes you,
Spite of my skill, to *Trincalo*, as before.
We read that *Apuleius* by a roſe,
Chang'd from an Aſſe to Man: ſo by a mirrour
You'l looſe this noble luſtre, and turne Aſſe.
I humbly take my leaue; but ſtill remember
T'auoyd the Dinell, and a looking-glaſſe.
New-borne *Antonio*, I kiſſe your hands.
TRI. Diuine *Albumazar* I kiſſe your hands.

Act. 3. *Scæn.* 5.

TRINCA. RONCA.

TR. NOw am I grown a gentleman, and a fine one,
I know't by th'kiſſing of my hands ſo courtly:
My courteous knees bend in ſo true a diſtance,
As if my foot walk't in a frame of purpoſe.
Thus I accoſt you: or thus, ſweet ſir, your ſeruant:
Nay more, your ſeruants ſeruant: that's your grand-ſeruant.
I could deſcend from th'toppe of *Pauls* to th'bottome,
And on each ſtep ſtrew parting complements,
Striue for a doore while a good Carpenter
Might make a new one; I am your ſhadow ſir,
And bound to wait vpon you. I faith I will not: pray ſit, &c.
O braue *Albumazar*!
RO. Iuſt *Æſops* crow, trinkt vp in borrowed feathers.
TR. My veins are fild with newneſſe: ô for a Chyrurgian
To ope this arme, and view my gentle bloud,
To try if't run two thouſand pounds a yeare.

I feele my vnderſtanding is enlarg'd
With the rare knowledge of this latter age.
A ſacred fury ouerſwayes me. Prime!
Deale quickly, play, diſcard; I ſet ten ſhillings ſix pence.
You ſee't? my reſt, fiue and fifty. Boy, more cards;
And as thou go'ſt, lay out ſome roaring oathes
For me; I'le pay thee againe with intereſt.
O braue *Albumazar!*
RON. How his imagination boiles, and workes in all things
He euer ſaw or heard! TRI. At gleek? content.
A morneuall of Aſes, gleeke of Knaues,
Iuſt nine a peece. Sir, my gray Barbarie
'Gainſt your dun cow, three traine ſents and th'courſe,
For fiftie pound: as I am a Gentleman
I'le meet next Cocking, and bring a Haggard with me
That ſtoopes as free as lightning, ſtrikes like thunder.
I ly? my reputation you ſhall heare on't.
O braue *Albumazar!*
RON. Hee'l grow ſtarke mad I feare me. TR. Now I know
I am perfectly tranſform'd: my minde incites me
To challenge ſome braue fellow for my credit,
And for more ſafety, get ſome friend in priuate
To take the buſineſſe vp in peace and quiet.
RON. Signior *Antonio!* TRI. There's not a crum of *Trincalo*
In all this frame, but th'loue of *Armellina*:
Wer't not for thee I'de trauaile, and home againe
As wiſe as I went ouer.
RON. Signior *Antonio!* welcome ten thouſand times:
Bleſt be the heau'ns and ſeas for your returne.
TRI. I thanke you ſir: *Antonio* is your ſeruant,
I am glad to ſee you wel. Fy, I kiſſe your hands: and thus accoſt you.
RON. This three months all your kindred, friends, and children,
Mourn'd for your death. TR. And ſo they well might do,
For fiue daies I was vnder water; and at length
Got vp and ſpred my ſelfe vpon a Cheſt,
Rowing with armes, and ſtearing with my feet;
And thus in fiue daies more got land: beleeue it
I made a moſt incredible eſcape,

And safe returne from *Barbarie*: at your service.
RON. Welcome ten thousand times from *Barbarie*,
No friend more glad to see *Antonio*
Then I: nor am I thus for hope of gaine;
But that I find occasion to be gratefull
By your returne. Do you remember sir,
Before you went, as I was once arrested,
And could not put in baile; you passing by,
Lent me ten pound, and so discharg'd the debt?
TRI. Yes, yes, as well as 'twere but yesterday.
RON. Oft haue I waited at your house with money,
And many thankes: but you were still beyond seas.
Now am I happy of this faire occasion
To testifie my honest care to pay you:
For you may need it. TR. Sir, I do indeed,
Witnesse my treasure cast away by Shipwrack.
RO. Heere sir. TR. Is the gold good, for mine was good I lent you.
RON. It was, and so is this. Signior *Antonio*, for this curtesie
Call me your seruant. TR. Farewell good seruant, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.
I know not so much as his name! ten pound? this change is better
then my birth: for in all the yeares of my yeomanry I could neuer
yoke two crownes, and now I haue hearded ten faire twenty shil-
ling peeces. Now will I goe to this Astrologer, and hire him turne
my Cart to a Caroch, my foure Iades to two paire of Dutch mares,
my mistres *Armellina* to a Lady, my Plow-boy *Dick* to two guar-
ded foot-men: then will I hurry my selfe to the Mercers bookes,
weare rich cloathes, be cal'd *Tony* by a great man, sell my lands, pay
no debts, hate Citizens, and beate Sergeants: and when all failes,
sneake out of *Antonio* with a two-peny looking-glasse, and turne as
true *Trincalo* as euer.

Act. 3. *Scæn.* 6. HARPAX. TRINCALO.

HAR. SIgnior *Antonio*! welcome. TRI. My life her'es ten pound
more. I thank you heartily.
HAR. Neuer in fitter season could I find you.
If you remember sir, before you went
To *Barbarie*, I lent you ten pound in gold.
TR. Faith I remember no such thing, excuse me.
What may I call your name? HAR. My name is *Harpax*,

Your

Your friend and neighbour, of your old acquaintance.
TRIN. What *Harpax*? I am your ſeruant, I kiſſe your hands:
You muſt excuſe me, you neuer lent me money.
HAR. Sir, as I liue, ten twenty-ſhilling peeces.
TRI. Dangers at Sea, I find haue hurt my memory.
HA. Why here's your owne hand-writing ſeal'd and ſign'd
In preſence of your Coſe *Iulio*. TR. 'Tis true, 'tis true; but I ſuſtain'd
By reaſon of the Shipwrack. Here's fiue peeces, (great loſſes
Will that content you? and to morrow morning
Come to my houſe and take the reſt. HA. Well ſir,
Though my neceſſitie would importune you
For all, yet on your Worſhips word, the reſt
I'le call for in the morning. Farewell *Antonio*.
TR. I ſee wee Gentlemen can ſometime borrow
As well as lend, and are as loath to pay
As meaner men. I'le home, leſt other Creditors
Call for the reſt.

RONCA. TRINCALO.

Act.3. Scen.7.

RON. SIgnior *Antonio*! I ſaw you as you landed,
And in great haſte follow'd to congratulate
Your ſafe returne, with theſe moſt wiſh't embraces.
TRI. And I accept your ioy with like affection.
How do you call your ſelfe? RON. Haue you forgot
Your deare friend *Ronca*, whom you lou'd ſo well?
TRI. O I remember now my deare friend *Ronca*.
RON. Thanks to the fortune of the ſeas that ſau'd you.
TRI. I feare I owe him money: how ſhall I ſhift him?
How do's your body *Ronca*? RON. My deare *Antonio*!
Neuer ſo well, as now I haue the power
Thus to embrace my friend, whom all th'Exchange
Gaue drown'd for three whole months. My deare *Antonio*.
TR. I thank you ſir. RO. I thank you. TR. While my deare *Ronca*
Clipt me, my purſe ſhooke dangerouſly; yet both his armes
And hands embrac'd my necke: here's none behinde me.
How can this be? RON. Moſt deare *Antonio*,
Was not your paſſage dangerous from *Barbaria*?
We had great windes and tempeſts; and I feare me,
You felt the force at ſea. TRI. Yes, deareſt *Ronca*.

How's

How's this! I see his hands, and yet my purse is gone.
Ro. Signior *Antonio*, I see your mind's much troubled
About affaires of worth; I take my leaue,
And kisse your hands of liberalitie.
Tri. And kisse my hands of liberalitie?
I gaue him nothing: O my purse, my purse!
Deare master *Ronca*. Ron. What's your pleasure sir?
Tr. Shew me your hand. Ro. Here 'tis. Tr. But where's th'other?
Ron. Why heere. Tr. But I meane where's your other hand?
Ron. Think you me the Giant with a hundred hands?
Tr. Giue me your right. Ro. My right? Tr. Your left. Ro. My left?
Tr. Now both. Ron. There's both my deere *Antonio*:
Keepe your selfe dark, eate broath; your fearefull passage,
And want of naturall rest hath made you frantick.
Tr. Villaine, rogue, cut-purse, theefe, deare *Ronca* stay: hee's gone
I'th Diuels name: how could this fellow do it?
I felt his hands fast lock't about my necke;
And still he spoke; it could not be his mouth:
For that was full of deere *Antonio*.
My life, he stol't with's feet: such a trick more
Will worke worse with me then a Looking-glasse.
To loose fiue pound in curt'sie, and the rest
In salutation! Ron. Signior *Antonio*,
What ailes you? Tr. *Ronca* a Rogue, a Cut-purse,
Hath rob'd me of fiue twenty-shilling peeces.
Ron. What kind a man was hee? something like me?
Tr. 'Had such a theeuish countenance as your owne,
But that he wore a black patch o'e his eye.
Ro. Met you with *Ronca*? 'Tis the cunningst nimmer
Of the whole Company of Cut-purse-Hall.
Act. 3. I am sorry I was not here to warne you of him.
Scæn. 8. Furbo. Bevilona. Trincalo.
Be. *Furbo* no more, vnlesse thy words were charmes
Of power to reuiue him. *Antonio's* dead.
He's dead, and in his death hath buried
All my delights: my eares are deafe to Musick
That sounds of pleasure. Sing then the doleful'st notes
That e're were set by melancholy. O *Antonio*!

Furbo sings this Song.

Flow

Flow streames of liquid sale from my sad eyes,
To celebrate his mournfull exequies.
Antonio's dead, hee's dead, and I remaine
To draw my poore life in continuall paine,
Till it haue paid to his sad memory
Dutie of loue: & then most willingly,
Drown'd with my teares, as he with waues, I dye.

BE. Break thy sad strings, and instrument: O strange! hee's here.
Signior *Antonio!* my hearts sweet content!
My life, and better portion of my soule!
Are you return'd? and safe? for whose death
I spent such streames of teares, and gusts of sighes?
Or is't my loue, that to my longing fancy
Frames your desired shape, and mockes my senses?
TRI. Whom doe you talk withall faire gentlewoman?
BE. With my best friend, commander of my life,
My most belou'd *Antonio.* TRI. With me?
What's your desire with me, sweet Lady?
BE. Sir, to command me, as you haue done euer,
To what you please: for all my libertie
Lies in your seruice. TR. Now I smell the businesse.
This is some gentlewoman inamored
With him whose shape I beare: Fie, what an asse
Was I to strange my selfe, and loose th'occasion
Of a good banquet, and her company?
I'le mend it as I can. Madame I did but iest,
To try if absence caus'd you to forget
A friend that lou'd you euer. BE. Forget *Antonio,*
Whose deare remembrance doth informe the soule,
Of your poore seruant *Bembino?* No,
No, had you dy'd, it had not quench't one sparke
Of th'sweet affection which your loue hath kindled
In this warme breast. TR. Madam, the waues had drown'd mee,
But that your loue held vp my chin. BE. Wilt please you
Enter, and rest your selfe, refresh the wearinesse
Of your hard trauell: I haue good wine, and fruits,
My husband's out of towne: you shall command
My house, and al's that in't. TR. Why are you married?
BE. Haue you forgot my husband? an angry roarer.

TRI. O I remember him: but if hee come?
BEV. Whence comes this feare? how come you so respectfull?
You were not wont be numb'd with such a coldnesse.
Go in sweet life, goe in.
TRIN. O I remember, while I liu'd in *Barbarie*,
A pretty song the Moores sing to a gridiron:
Sweet Madame by your fauour I'le sing't to this.

Alcoch Dolash, &c. Thus 'tis in English.

My heart in flames doth fry	*My braines to teares doe flow,*
Of thy beauty,	*While all below*
While I	*Doth glow*
Dy.	*Or!*
Fy!	*Fo!*
And why	*Isso,*
Should'st thou deny	*How canst thou go*
Me thy sweet company?	*About to say me no?*

This the Moores call two wings vpon a Gridiron.
But it goes sweeter farre oth' iron instrument.
BEV. Theres one within my Kitchin, ready strung: go in.
TRI. Sweet Lady pardon me, I'le follow you.
Happy *Antonio* in so rare a mistresse!
But happier I, that in this place enioy her:
I say still, there's no pleasure like transforming.

RONCA. BEVIL. TRINCALO.

Act. 4. Scen. 5.

RON. NOw is the asse expecting of a banquet,
Ready to court, embrace, and kisse his mistresse.
But I'le soone staue him. Tick, tock, what ho?
BEV. Who's that so boldly knockes? I am not within,
Or busie: Why so importunate? who is't? RON. 'Tis I. *Roger, &c.*
BE. Your name? RON. *Thomas vp William, vp Morgan, vp Dauis, vp*
TRI. *Spinola's* Campe's broke loose: a troope of Souldiers!
BEV. O me! my husband! O me wretch 'tis my husband.
TRI. One man, and weare so many names! BE. O sir,
'Has more outragious deuels in his rage,
Then names: as you respect your life auoid him.
Downe at that window. TR. 'Tis as high as Paules.
Open the garden doore. BEV. He has the keyes.
Downe at some window, as you loue your life,

Tender my honour and your safety. RON. *Bevilens?*
Downe, or I'le breake the doores, and with the splinters
Beate all thy bones to peeces: Downe you whore!
BE. Be patient but a little; I come instantly.
TRI. Ha' you no trunke nor chest to hide me? BE. None sir,
Alas I am cleane vndone, it is my husband.
RON. Doubtlesse this whore hath some of her companions,
That wrong me thus. But if I catch the villaine,
I'le bath my hungry sword, and sharpe reuenge,
In his heart-bloud. Come downe. BE. I cannot stay.
There stands an empty hogshead with a false bottome,
To ope and shut at pleasure: come hither, In,
In, as you loue your life. TRI. But heare you Madame,
Is there no looking-glasse within't? for I hate looking-glasses
As naturally as some do Cats, or Cheese.
BEV. In, in, there's none. RO. Who now? Is the asse fast?
BEV. I tun'd him vp, ha, ha, ha, I feare hee'l fall a working.
RO. Second me hansomly, wee'l entertaine him
An houre or two, and laugh, and get his cloathes
To make our sport vp. Wife, where's the empty hogshead
That wont to stand vnder the staires? BE. There still.
RO. Out with it quickly: I must haue it fil'd.
BE. Not to day good sir, to morrow will serue as well.
RO. I must ha't now. BE. 'Tis more then I can carry.
RO. I'le helpe thee: so, so. Fo! this vessel's musty.
Fetch out some water. BE. Fetch't out your selfe.
TRI. Poxe of all transmutation, I am smother'd.
Lady, as you loue me, giue the hogshead vent.
The beere that's in't will worke and breake the vessell.
BEV. Signior *Antonio*, as you loue your life
Lie still and close: for if you stirre, you dye.
RO. So, so, now shake it, so, so. TR. O I am drown'd, I drowne!
RO. Whence comes this hollow sound? TR. I drowne, I smother!
RO. My life 'tis *Trincalo*, for I haue heard that coxcombe,
That Asse, that Clowne, seekes to corrupt my wife,
Sending his fruit and dainties from the Countrey.
O that 'twere hee. How would I vse the villaine!
First crop his eares, then slit his nose, and geld him,

And with a red hot Iron seare his raw wounds;
Then barrell him againe, and send the Eunuch (in here)
To the great Turk to keep his concubines. Tick, tock, who's with
Be. One that you dare not touch. Ron. One that I dare not?
Out villaine, out. Signior *Antonio*!
Had it beene any but your selfe, he had dyed.
But as you sau'd my life before you went,
So now command mine in your services.
I would haue sworne y'ad drown'd in *Barbarie*.
Tr. T'was a hard passe: but not so dangerous
As was this vessell. Pray you conceiue no ill,
I meant no harme, but cal'd at your wife to know
How my sonne *Lelio* did, and daughter *Flauia*.
Ron. Sir I beleeue you. Tr. But I must tell you one thing,
You must not be so iealous: on my honour
Shee's very honest. Ro. For you I make no question.
But there's a rogue cal'd *Trincalo*, whom if I catch
I'le teach him. Tr. Who? you meane *Pandolfo's* Farmer?
Alasse poore foole! hee's a starke asse, but harmlesse.
And though shee talke with him, 'tis but to laugh,
As all the world doe's at him. Come be friends
At my intreatie. Ro. Sir, for your sake. Be. I thanke you.
Tri. Lets haue a fire; and while I dry my selfe,
Prouide good wine and meate. I'le dine with you.
I must not home thus wet. I am something bold with you.
Ron. My house and selfe are at your seruice. Tr. Lead in.
Alas poore *Trincalo*! hadst thou been taken, (shape,
Thou hadst been tun'd for Turky. Ha, ha, ha; faire fall *Antonio's*
What a notorious Wittal's this! Ha, ha, ha. *Finis act.* 3.

Act. 4. *Scæn.* 1.

Ant. THus, by great fauour of propitious starres,
From feare full stormes, ship-wrack, and raging billowes,
Merciless iawes of death, am I return'd
To th'safe and quiet bosome of my Country,
And wish'd embracements of my friends and kindred.
The memory of these misfortunes past,
Seasons the welcome, and augments the pleasure.

I shall receiue of my son *Lelio*,
And daughter *Flauia*. So doth alloy
Make gold, that else were vselesse, seruiceable.
So th'rugged fore-head of a threatning Mountaine,
Threatens the smoothnesse of a smiling Valley.

CRICCA. ANTONIO.

Act. 4. Scæn. 2.

CRI. What do I see? Is not this *Tristalo*
Transform'd t' *Antonio*? 'tis and so perfectly
That did the right *Antonio* now confront him,
I'de sweare they both were true, or both were false.
ANT. This man admires the vnexpectednesse
Of my returne. CR. O wondrous power of Starres,
And skill of Art t'apply't! You that are married
May iustly feare, least this Astrologer
Cloath your wiues seruants in your shape, and vse you
As *Iupiter* did *Amphitrio*: You that are rich,
In your owne forme may louse your gold. ANT. Tis *Cricca*.
CRI. Hee seemes so iust the man he represents,
That I dare hardly vse him as I purpos'd.
ANT. *Cricca*, well met, how fares my friend *Pandolfo*?
CRI. Your friend *Pandolfo*? How are your meanes improu'd,
To stile familiarly your Maister, friend? ANT. What saist thou?
CRI. That I reioyce your Worship's safe return'd
From your late drowning. Th'Exchange hath giu'n you loft,
And all your friends wore mourning three monthes past.
ANT. The danger of the Shipwrack I escap't
So desperate was, that I may truely say
I am new borne, not sau'd. CRI. Ha, ha, ha, through what a grace
And goodly countenance, the Rascall speakes!
What a graue portance? Could *Antonio*
Himselfe out-do him? O you notorious Villaine!
Who would haue thought thou couldst haue thus dissembled?
ANT. How now! a seruant thus familiar? Sirrha
Vse your companions for more reuerence
Becomes you better. CRI. As though I vnderstood not
Th'end of all this plot and goodly businesse?
Come I know all: See! this vnfil'd clod of earth
Conceites his minde transform'd, as well as body.

Hee wrings and bites his lips for feare of laughing. Ha,ha,ha!
ANT. Why laugh you sirra? CRI. Sirra, to see thee chang'd
So strangely, that I cannot spy one inch
Of thy old clownish carkas. Ha,ha. ANT. Laughter proceeds
From absurd actions that are harmelesse. CRI. Ha,ha,ha,
Sententious Block-head! ANT. And y'are ill aduis'd
To iest in steed of pitty. Alas! my miseries,
Dangers of death, slau'ry of cruell Moores,
And tedious iournies, might haue easly altred
A stronger body; much more this decay'd vessell,
Out-worne with age, and broken by misfortunes.
CRI. Leaue your set speeches. Go to *Antonio's* house,
Effect your businesse. For vpon my credit
Th'art so well turn'd, they dare not but accept thee.
ANT. Where should I hope for welcome, if not there?
From my owne house, children, and familie?
CRIC. Is't possible this Coxcombe should conceiue
His minde transform'd? How gravely he continues
The countnance he began? Ha,ha. Why block-head?
Think'st to deceiue me too? Why *Trincalo*?
AN. I vnderstand you not, Hands off. CR. Art not thou *Trincalo*,
Pandolfo's man? ANT. I not so much as know him.
CRI. Dar'st thou denie't to mee? AN. I dare, and must
To all the world, long as *Antonio* liues.
CRI. You arrant Asse, haue not I knowne thee serue
My Maister in his Farme this thirteene yeares?
ANT. By all the oathes that bind mens consciences
To truth, I am *Antonio*; and no other.

Act.4. Scen.3. PANDOLFO. CRICCA. ANTONIO.

PAN. WHat meanes this noise? ô *Cricca!* what's the matter?
CR. Sir, here's your Former *Trincalo*, transform'd
So iust, as hee were molted, and new cast
In the true mould of old *Antonio*.
PAN. Th'right eye's no liker to the left, then hee
To my good neighbour. Diuine *Albumazar*!
How I admire thy skill! iust so hee look't,
And thus hee walk't; this is face, his haire,
His eies, and countnance: If his voyce be like,

Then

Then is th'Astrologer a wonder-worker.
ANT. Signior *Pandolfo*, I thanke the heauens as much
To find you well, as for my owne returne.
How doe's your daughter, and my Loue, *Sulpitia*
PAN. Well, well, Sir. CRI. This is a good beginning.
How naturally the Rogue dissembles it!
With what a gentle garbe, and ciuill grace,
He speakes and lookes! How cunningly *Albumazar* (ther: Sir,
Hath for our purpose fited him in *Barbary* cloaths! I'le try him fur-
We heard you were drown'd: pray you how scap't you shipwrack?
ANT. No sooner was I ship't for Barbarie,
But faire wind follow'd, and faire weather led vs:
When, entred in the Straights of *Gibraltar*,
The heau'ns, and seas, and earth, conspir'd against vs.
The Tempest tore our helme, and rent our tackels,
Broke the maine Mast, while all the sea about vs
Stood vp in watry Mountaines to ouer-whelme vs;
And struck's against a Rock, splitting the vessell
T'a thousand splinters. I, with two Mariners,
Swam to the Coast, where by the barbarous Moores
We were surpriz'd, fetter'd, and sold for slaues.
CR. This tale th'astrologer pen'd, and he hath con'd it.
AN. But by a Gentleman of Italie,
Whom I had knowne before — PAN. No more this tast
Proues thou canst play the rest. For this faire Story;
My hand: I make thy ten pound, twenty Markes.
Thou look'st, and speak'st, so like *Antonio*
AN. Whom should I looke, and speake, like but my selfe?
CR. Good still! PA. But now my honest *Trincalo*,
Tell me, where's all the Plate, the Gold, and Iewels,
That th'Astrologer, when hee had transform'd thee,
Committed to thy charge? are they safe lock't?
AN. I vnderstand you not. PA. The iewels man,
The plate, and gold, th'Astrologer that chang'd thee
Bad thee lay vp? AN. What Plate, what gold, what Iewels,
What Transformation, what Astrologer?
CR. Leaue off *Antonio* now, and speake like *Trincalo*.
AN. Leaue off your iesting; it neither fits your place,

Nor

Nor age, *Pandolfo*, to scoffe your ancient friend.
I know not what you meane by gold and iewels,
Nor by th'Astrologer, nor *Trincalo*.
CRIC. Better and better still. Beleeue me sir,
Hee thinkes himselfe *Antonio*, and euer shall bee,
And so possesse your Plate. Art not thou *Trincalo*
My Maisters Farmer? ANT. I am *Antonio*,
Your Master's friend, if hee teach you more manners.
PAN. Humour of wiuing's gone: farewell good *Flauia*,
Three thousand pound must not be lost so slightly.
Come sir, wee'l drag you to th'Astrologer,
And turne you to your ragged barke of Yeomanry.
AN. To mee these teames! PA. Come I'le not loose my Plate.
CRI. Stay, sir, and take my counsell. Let him still
Firmely conceite himselfe the man hee seeme's:
Thus hee himselfe deceiu'd, will far more earnestly
Effect your businesse, and deceiue the rest.
There's a maine difference twixt a false-bred action
And a for'st carriage. Suffer him then to enter
Antonio's house: and waite th'euent: For him
He cannot scape: What you intend to do,
Do't when 'has seru'd your turne. I see the Maide,
Let's hence least they suspect our consultations.
PA. Thy counsel's good: away. CR. Looke *Trincalo*,
Yonder's your beauteous Mistresse *Armellina*,
And daughter *Flauia*. Courage, I warrant thee.
ANT. Blest be the heau'ns, that rid me of this trouble.
For with their Farmer and Astrologer,
Act.4. Plate, and Gold, they're almost madded mee.
Scæn.4.

FLAVIA. ARMELLINA. ANTONIO.

FLA. *Armellina!* ARM. Mistresse! FLA. Is the dore fast?
AR. Yes, as an Vsurers purse. FL. Come hither wench,
Looke here, there's *Trincalo* *Pandolfo's* Farmer,
Wrapt in my fathers shape: prethee come quickly,
And help me to abuse him. AR. Notorious Clowne!
ANT. These are my gates, and that's the Cabinet
That keepes my Iewells, *Leslie*, and his sister.
FLA. Neuer was villany so personate

In

In seemely properties of grauity. AN. Tick, tock.
FLA. Who's hee that knock's so boldly? AR. What want you, sir?
AN. O my faire daughter *Flauia!* Let all the Starres
Powre downe full blessings on thee. Ope the dores.
FLA. Marke! his faire daughter *Flauia*, ha, ha, ha.
Most shameleſſe villaine how he counterfeits!
AN. Know'st not thy father, old *Antonio*?
Is all the world growne frantick? FL. What *Antonio*?
AN. Thy louing father, *Flauia*. FL. My father!
Would thou wert in his place. *Antonio's* dead,
Dead, vnder water drown'd. AN. That dead and drown'd
Am I. FLA. I loue not to conuerse with dead men.
ANT. Open the dore sweete *Flauia*. FLA. Sir, I am afear'd:
Horrour incloses mee, my haires stand vp,
I sweate to heare a dead man speake, you smell
Of putrifaction: Fy! I feel't hither.
AN. Th'art much abus'd, I liue: come downe, and know mee.
AR. Mistresse let mee haue some sport too. Who's there?
AN. Let me come in. AR. Soft, soft sir, Y'are too hasty.
AN. Quickly, or else— AR. Good words, good words, I pray sir,
In strangers houses! were the dores your owne,
You might be bolder. AN. I'le beate the dores and windowe's
About your eares. AR. Are you so hot? wee'l coole you.
Since your late drowning, your gray and reuerent head
Is smear'd with Oes, and stuck with Cockle-shels,
This is to wash it. AN. Impudent whore! AR. Out Carter,
Hence durtie whipstock, hence you foule Clowne: be gone,
Or all the water I can make, or borrow,
Shall once more drowne you.

Act. 4. Scæn. 5.

LELIO. ANTONIO. ARMELLINA.

LE. *Armellina*, whom do you draw yout tongue vpon so sharply?
ARM. Sir, 'tis your fathers ghost, that striues by force
To break the dores and enter. LE. This his graue lookes!
In euery lineament himselfe no liker.
Had I not haply been aduertiz'd,
What could haue forc'd me think 'twere *Trincalo*?
Doubtlesse, th'Astrologer hath rais'd a Ghost
That walkes in th'reuerend shape of my dead father.

ANT. Theſe Ghoſts, theſe *Trincalo's*, and Aſtrologers,
Strike me beſide my ſelfe. Who will receiue me
When mine owne ſonne refuſeth? ô *Antonio!*
LE. Infinite power of Art! who would beleeue
The Planets influence could tranſforme a man
To ſeuerall ſhapes! I could now beate him ſoundly
But that hee weares the awfull countenance
Of my dead father, whoſe memory I reuerence.
AN. If I be chang'd beyond thy knowledge, ſonne,
Conſider that th'exceſſe of heate in *Barbarie*,
The feare of Ship-wrack, and long tedious iourneies,
Haue tan'd my skin, and ſhrunk my eyes and cheekes;
Yet ſtill this face, though alter'd, may be knowne.
This skar beares witnes, 'twas the wound thou cur'dſt
With thine owne hands. LE. He that chang'd *Trincalo*
T'*Antonio's* figure, omitted not the skarre
As a maine character. AN. I haue no other markes
Or reaſons to perſwade thee; me thinkes, this word
I am thy father, were argument ſufficient
To bend thy knees, and creep to my embracement.
A ſudden coldneſſe ſtrikes me, my tender heart
Beates with compaſſion of I know not what.
Sirra be gone, truſſe vp your goodly ſpeeches,
Sad ſhipwracks, and ſtrange tranſformations.
Your plot's diſcouer'd, 'twill not take: thy impudence
For once I pardon. The pious reuerence
I owe to th'graue reſemblance of my father
Holds back my angry hands. Hence, if I catch you
Haunting my dores againe, I'le baſtonado you
Out of *Antonio's* skinne. Away. ANT. I goe ſir,
And yeeld to ſuch croſſe fortune as thus driues me.

Act. 4. Scæn. 6. TRINCALO *and* BEVILONA *dreſſing him.*

TR. WHen this transformed ſubſtance of my carcaſſe
Did liue impriſon'd in a wanton Hogſhead,
My name was *Don Antonio*, and that title
Preſeru'd my life, and chang'd my ſute of cloathes.
How kindly the good Gentlewoman vſ'd me! with what reſpect
and carefull tenderneſſe! your Worſhip ſir had euer a fickly conſti-
tution,

tution, and I feare much more now since your long trauaile: as you loue me, off with these wet things, and put on the sute you left with me before you went to *Barbary*. Good sir neglect not your health: for vpon my experience there's nothing worse for the rheume, then to bee drench't in a musty hogshead. Pretty soule! such another speech would haue drawne off my legs and armes, as easily as hose and doublet. Had I been *Trincalo*, I'de haue sworn th'had cheated. But fy! 'tis base and Clowniſh to suspect, and a Gentlemans freenesse to part with a cast sute. Now to the businesse. I'le in to my owne house, & first bestow *Armellina* vpon *Trincalo*, then try what can be done for *Pandolfo*: for 'tis a rule I wont t'obserue. First doe your own affaires, and next your Masters. This word Master makes me doubt I am not chang'd as I should be. But al's one, Il'e venter, and do something worthy *Antonio's* name while I haue it.

ANTONIO. TRINCALO. *Act. 4. Scæn. 7.*

AN. WRetched *Antonio*, hast beene preferu'd so strangely
From forraine miseries to be wrong'd at home?
Bar'd from thy house by th'scornes of thine owne children?
TRI. Tick, tock.
ANT. But stay, there's one knocks boldly, may be some friend.
TRI. Tick, tock.
ANT. Dwell you heere Gentleman? TR. He cals me Gentleman.
See th'vertue of good cloathes: all men salute,
Honour, respect and reverence vs. ANT. Yong Gentleman,
Let me without offence intreate your name,
And why you knock. TRI. How sirra Sawce-boxe, my name?
Or thou some stranger art, or grossely ignorant
That know'st not me. Ha! what art thou that ask'st it?
ANT. Bee not in choler sir. TRIN. Befits it mee,
A Gentleman of publicke reputation,
To stoope so low as satisfie the questions
Of base and earthly peeces like thy selfe? What art thou? ha?
ANT. Th'vnfortunate possessor of this house.
TRI. Thou ly'st base Sycophant, my Worship owes it.
AN. 'May be my sonne hath sold it in my absence,
Thinking me dead. How long has't cal'd you Master?
TRI. 'Long as *Antonio* possest it. AN. Which *Antonio*?
TRIN. *Antonio Anastasio*. AN. That *Anastasio*

That drown'd in *Barbarie*? TRI. That *Anastasio*,
That selfe same man am I: I scap'd by swimming,
And now returne to keepe my former promise
Of *Flauia* to *Pandolfo*, and in exchange,
To take *Sulpitia* to my wife. ANT. All this
I intended fore I went; but sir, if I
Can be no other then my selfe, and you
Are that *Antonio*, you and I are one.
TR. How? one with thee? speak such another sillable;
And by the terrour of this deadly steele,
That nere saw light, but sent to endlesse darkenesse
All that durst stand before't: thou diest. AN. Alas
My weakenesse growne by age, and paines of trauell,
Disarmes my courage to defend my selfe;
I haue no strength but patience. TR. What art now?
AN. *Peter*, and *Thomas*, *William*, what you please.
TR. What boldnesse madded thee to steale my name?
AN. Sir, heat of wine. TR. And sirra when y'are drunk.
Is there no person to put on, but mine,
To couer your intended villanies?
AN. But good sir, if I be not I, who am I?
TR. An Oxe, an Asse, a Dog. AN. Strange negligence
To loose my selfe! me thinks I liue and moue,
Remember. Could the fearefull apprehension
Of th'vgly feare of drowning so transforme me?
Or did I die, and by *Pythagoras* rule,
My soule's prouided of another lodging?
TRI. Be what thou wilt, except *Antonio*,
'Tis death to touch that name. AN. Dangers at sea
Are pleasure, weigh'd with these home-injuries.
Was euer man thus skar'd beside himselfe?
O most vnfortunate *Antonio*!
At Sea thou suffredst shipwrack of thy goods,
At Land of thine owne selfe. *Antonio*?
Or what name else they please? fly, fly to *Barbarie*,
And rather there endure the forraine crueltie
Of fetters, whippes, and Moores, then here at home
Be wrong'd and baffled by thy friends and children.

TRI.

TRI. How prating ſtill? Why *Timothy*, be gone,
Or draw, and lay ANTONIO downe betwixt vs,
Let fortune of the fight decide the queſtion.
Here's a braue rogue, that in the kings high-way
Offers to rob me of my good name. Draw.
AN. Theſe wrongs recall my ſtrength, I am reſolu'd,
Better dye once then ſuffer alwayes. Draw.
TR. Stay. Vnderſtand'ſt thou well nice poynts of duell?
Art borne of gentle bloud, and pure diſcent?
Was none of all thy linage hang'd, or cuckold?
Baſtard, or baſtinado'd? is thy pedigree
As long and large as mine? For otherwiſe
Thou wert moſt vnworthy; and 'twere loſſe of honour
In me to fight. More, I haue drawne fiue teeth:
If thine ſtand ſound, the tearmes are much vnequall.
And by ſtrict lawes of duell, I am excuſ'd
To fight on diſaduantage. AN. This ſome aſſe!
TR. If we concurre in all, write a formall chalenge,
And bring thy ſecond: meane while I'le make prouiſion
Of *Calais* land to fight vpon ſecurely. Ha!

LELIO. CRICCA. TRINCALO. ANTONIO.

LE. AM I awake? or do deceitfull dreames
Preſent to my wild fanſie things I ſee not? *Act. 4. Scæn. 8.*
CR. What amazement's this? why wonder you?
LE. See'ſt thou not *Trincalo* and *Antonio*?
CR. O ſtrange! th'are both here. LE. Didſt not thou informe me,
That *Trincalo* was turn'd t'ANTONIO?
Which I beleeuing, like a curſed ſonne,
With moſt reprochfull threats, droue mine old father
From his owne doores; and yet reſt doubtfull, whether
This be the true ANTONIO: may be th'Aſtrologer
Hath chang'd ſome other, and not TRINCALO.
CR. No, feare it not: 'tis plaine: *Albumazar*
Hath cheated my old maſter of his plate.
For here's the Farmer as like himſelfe as euer;
Onely his cloathes excepted. *Trincalo!*
TRI. *Cricca*, where's *Trincalo?* do'ſt ſee him here.
CRI. Yes, and as ranke an Aſſe as e're he was.

TRI.

TR I. Thou'rt much deceiu'd, thou neither seest nor knowst me.
I am transform'd, transform'd. CR. Th'art still thy selfe.
Lelio, this Farmer's halfe a foole, halfe knaue.
And as *Pandolfo* did with much intreatie
Perswade him to transforme; so as much labour
Will hardly bring the Coxcombe to himselfe,
That nere was out on't. Who art, if not he?
TR. My name is *Don Antonio*, I am now going
To my owne house, to giue *Pandolfo Flauia*,
And *Armellina* to his Farmer *Trincalo*.
How dar'st thou *Cricca*, but a meaner seruant,
Resemble me a man of worth and worship,
To such a clowne as *Trincalo*, a branded foole,
An asse, a laughing stocke to towne and country?
Art not asham'd to name him with *Antonio*?
LE. Do not thy actions, with thy rude behauiour,
Proclaime thee what thou art? CR. Notorious clowne!
TR. Villaine, th'hast broke my shoulders. LE. O did'st feele him?
TR. I with a pox. LE. Then th'art still *Trincalo*.
For hadst thou been *Antonio*, he had smarted.
TR I. I feele it as I am *Antonio*.
CR. Foole! who loues *Armellina*? TR. 'Tis I, 'tis I.
CR. *Antonio* neuer lou'd his kitchin-maid.
TR. Well, I was taken for *Antonio*,
And in his name receiu'd ten pound in gold.
Was by his mistresse entertain'd; but thou
Enuy'st my happinesse: if th'hast th'ambition
To rise as I haue done; Go to *Albumazar*
And let him change thee to a Knight, or Lord..
CR. Note the strange power of strong imagination.
TR. A world of Engines cannot wrest my thoughts
From being a Gentleman: I am one, and will be:
And though I be not, yet will thinke my selfe so,
Act. 4. *Scæn.* 9. And scorne thee *Cricca*, as a slaue and seruant.

CRICCA LELIO. ANTONIO.

CR. 'Tis but lost labour to perswade his dulnesse, (thence,
Beleeue me that's your Father. LEL. When I driue him,
Spight of my bloud his reuerent countenance

Strooke

Strooke me t'a deepe compaſſion. To cleare all,
I aske one queſtion. Sigmor *Antonio*,
What money tooke you when you went your voyage?
AN. As I remember, foureſcore and fifteene pound
In *Barbarie* gold. Had *Lucio* kept his word
I had carried iuſt a hundred. LE. Pardon me, father;
'Twas my blind ignorance, not want of duty,
That wrong'd you: all was intended for a Farmer,
Whom an Aſtrologer, they ſayd, transform'd.
AN. How an Aſtrologer? LE. When you parted hence,
It ſeemes you promiſ'd *Flauia* to *Pandolfo*.
Newes of your death arriuing, th'old Gentleman
Importunes me to ſecond what you purpoſ'd.
Conſulting therfore with my friends and kindred,
Loth my yong ſiſter ſhould be buried quicke
I'th graue of threeſcore yeares: by their aduice
I fully did deny him. He chafes and ſtormes,
And findes at length a cunning man, that promiſ'd
To turne his Farmer to your ſhape: and thus
Poſſeſſe your houſe, and giue him *Flauia*.
Whereof I warn'd, wrong'd you in ſtead of *Trincalo*.
ANT. Then hence it came they cald me *Trincalo*,
And talk'd of an Aſtrologer; which names
Almoſt inrag'd me paſt my ſelfe and ſenſes.
'Tis true I promiſ'd, but haue oft repented it.
And much more ſince he goes about to cheate me.
He muſt not haue her, ſir. LE. I am glad y'are ſo reſolu'd
And ſince, with vs, you find that match vnequall,
Let's all intreat you to beſtow your daughter
Vpon his ſonne *Eugenio*. AN. Sonne, at your pleaſure
Diſpoſe of *Flauia*, with my full conſent.
LE. And as you iudge him worthy your daughter *Flauia*
Thinke mee no leſſe of his *Sulpitia*.
AN. I doe; and euer had deſire to match
Into that family; and now I find my ſelfe
Old, weake, vnfit for marriage, you ſhall enioy her,
If I can worke PANDOLFO by intreatie.
CRI. To deale with him with reaſon, or intreaties,

Is to perſwade a mad-man: for his loue
Makes him no leſſe. All ſpeeches oppoſite
T'his fixt deſire, and loue-corrupted iudgement,
Seeme extreame fooleries. Will he conſent
To giue his daughter to your ſonne, and you
Deny him *Flauia*? Shall *Eugenio*
Expect or land or loue from old *Pandolfo*,
Being his open riuall? 'tis impoſſible.
He ſought to coſen you, therefore reſolue
To pay him in's owne money. Be but aduiſ'd
By my poore counſell, and one ſtroke ſhall cut
The necke of his deſignes, and with his arrowes
Strike his owne plot ſo dead, that *Albumazar*
With all his ſtarres and inſtruments, ſhall neuer
Giue it freſh motion. AN. *Cricca*, to thy direction
We yeeld our ſelues, manage vs at thy pleaſure.
LE. Speak quickly *Cricca*. CR. The ground of all this buſineſſe
Is to catch *Trincalo*, and lock him faſt
Till I releaſe him: next, that no man whiſper
Th'leaſt word of your returne. Then will I home,
And with a cheerefull looke tell my old maſter,
That *Trincalo*---- but ſtay, looke where he comes,
Let's in, and there at leaſure I'le informe you
From poynt to poynt. *Lelio*, detaine him here,
Till I ſend *Armellina* downe to ſecond you.
Croſſe him in nothing, call him *Antonio*,
And good enough. LE. Feare not, let me alone.

Act. 4. *Scæn.* 10

TRINCALO. LELIO.

TRI. THis raſcall *Cricca* with his arguments
Of malice, ſo diſturbes my gentle thoughts,
That I halfe doubt I am not what I ſeeme:
But that will ſoone be clear'd; if they receiue me
In at *Antonio's* houſe, I am *Antonio*.
LE. Signior ANTONIO, my louing father?
Bleſt be the day and houre of your returne.
TR. Son *Lelio*? a bleſſing on my child, I pray thee tell me
How fares my ſeruant *Armellina*? well?
LE. Haue you forgot my ſiſter *Flauia*?

TRI.

TR. What my deere daughter *Flauia*? no, but first
Call *Armellina*: for this day wee'l celebrate
A gleeke of Marriages: *Pandolfo* and *Flauia*,
Sulpitia and my selfe, and *Trincalo*
With *Armellina*. Call her, good *Lelio*, quickly.
LE. I will sir. TR. So: this is well that *Lelio*
Confesseth me his Father. Now I am perfect, perfect *Antonio*.

ARMELLINA, TRINCALO.

SIgnior *Antonio*!
My long expected master! TR. O *Armellina*! *Act. 5. Scæn. 4.*
Come let me kisse thy brow like my owne daughter.
AR. Sir 'tis too great a fauour. I kisse your foot.
What falne? alas! how feeble you are growne
With your long trauell! TR. True: and being drown'd,
Nothing so grieu'd me as to loose thy company.
But since I am safe return'd, for thy good seruice
I'le helpe thee to a husband. AR. A husband sir?
Some yong and lusty youth, or else I'le none.
TRI. To one that loues thee deerely, deerely wench.
A goodly man, like me in limbes and fashion.
AR. Fye, an old man? how? cast my selfe away,
And be no nurse but his? TR. Hee's not like me
In yeares and grauitie, but faire proportion. (*Io* of *Totnam*.
A hansome well-set man, as I. AR. His name? TR. 'Tis *Tom Trincalo*.
AR. Signior *Pandolfo's* lusty Farmer? TR. That's he.
AR. Most vnexpected happinesse! 'tis the man,
I more esteeme then my owne life: sweet master,
Procure that match, and thinke me satisfied
For all my former seruice without wages.
But aj I feare you iest. My poore vnworthinesse
Hopes not so great a fortune as sweet *Trincalo*.
No wretched *Armellina*, in and despaire:
Back to thy mournfull Dresser; there lament
Thy flesh to Kitchin-stuffe, and bones to ashes
For loue of thy sweet Farmer. TR. Alas poore soule,
How prettily shee weepes for me! Wilt see him?
AR. My soule waits in my eyes, and leaues my body
Senseleſſe. TR. Then sweare to keepe my counsell. AR. I sweare

By th'beauteous eyes of *Trincalo*. TRI. Why I am *Trincalo*?
AR. Your worſhip ſir! why do you flout your ſeruant,
Right worſhipfull *Antonio*, my reuerend Maſter?
TRI. Pox of *Antonio*, I am Tom *Trincalo*.
Why laugh'ſt thou? AR. 'Tis deſire and joy,
To ſee my ſweeteſt. TR. Looke vpon me and ſee him.
AR. I ſay I ſee *Antonio*, and none other.
TR. I am within, thy Loue; without, thy Maſter.
Th'Aſtrologer chang'd me for a day.
AR. Mock not your poore maid, pray you ſir. TR. I doe not.
Now would I breake this head againſt the ſtones,
To be vnchang'd; fie on this Gentry, it ſtickes
Like bird-lime, or the pox. I cannot part with't.
Within, I am ſtill thy Farmer *Trincalo*.
AR. Then muſt I wait till old *Antonio*
Be brought to bed of a yong *Trincalo*;
Or flea you, and ſtrip you to your ſelfe againe.
TRI. Carry me to your chamber: try me there.
AR. O ſir, by no meanes: but with my louely Farmer
I'de ſtay all night, & thank him. TR. Croſſe misfortune!
Accurſt *Albumazar*! and mad *Pandolfo*!
To change me thus, that when I moſt deſire
To be my ſelfe, I cannot. *Armellina*!
Fetch me a looking-glaſſe. AR. To what end? TR. Fetch one.
Let my old maſters buſineſſe ſinke or ſwim:
This ſweet occaſion muſt not be neglected.
Now ſhall I know th'Aſtrologers skill: O wonderfull!
Admir'd *Albumazar* in two tranſmutations!
Here's my old Farmers face. How in an inſtant gaine, &c.
I am vnchang'd, that was ſo long a changing. Here's my flat noſe a-
Now *Armellina* take thy lou'd *Trincalo*
To thy deſir'd embracements: ſe thy pleaſure,
Kiſſe him thy belly full. AR. No here in publicke.
T'enioy too ſoone what pleaſeth, is vnpleaſant:
The world would enuy thee my happineſſe.
Go in, Il'e follow you: and in my bed-chamber
Wee'l conſummate the match in priuacie.
TRI. Was not the face I wore, farre worſe then this? T

But for thy comfort, Wench, *Albumazar*
Hath died my thoughts so deep i'th' graine of Gentry,
'Tis not a glasse can rob me of my good fashions,
And Gentleman-like Garb. Follow, my deere.
AR. I'le follow you. So, now y'are fast enough.
TRI. Help *Armellina*, help, I am falne i'th Cellar:
Bring a fresh Plantane leafe I haue broke my shinne.
ARM. Thus haue I caught m'a husband in a trap,
And in good earnest meane to marry him.
'Tis a tough Clowne and lusty: He works day & night;
And rich enough for me that haue no portion
But my poore seruice. Well, hee's something fooliſh;
The better can I dominere and rule him
At pleasure. That's the marke, and vtmost height
We women aime at. I am resolu'd, I'le haue him.

LELIO. CRICCA.

LE. IN *Armellina*, lock vp *Trincalo*. AR. I will sir.
LE. *Cricca*, for this counsell, if it succeed, *Act.4. Scen.12.*
Feare not thy Maisters anger: I'le preferre
And count thee as my *Genius*, or good fortune.
CRI. It can not chuse but take. I know his humour;
And can at pleasure feather him with hopes,
Making him flye what pitch I wish, and stoope
When I shew fowle. LE. But for the suite of cloathes?
CRI. I'le throw them o're your Garden wall. Away.
Hast to *Eugenio*, and *Sulpitia*,
Acquaint them with the businesse. LE. I go.

LELIO. SVLPITIA. *Act.4. Scen.13*

LE. THe hopefull issue of thy counsell, *Cricca*,
Brightens this euening, & makes it more excel
The cleareſt day, then a gray morning doth
The blindeſt midnight: raising my amorous thoughts
To such a pitch of ioy, that riches, honour,
And other pleasures, to *Sulpitia's* loue,
Appeare like Mole-hils to the Moone. SVL. *Lelio?*
LEL. O there's the voice that in one note containes
All cords of Musick. How gladly shee'l embrace
The newes I giue her, and the messenger!

Sv. Soft, ſoft, y'are much miſtaken: for in earneſt,
I am angry *Lelio*; and with you. Le. Sweeteſt, thoſe flames
Riſe from the fire of loue, and ſoone will quench
I'th' welcome newes I bring you. Svl. Stand ſtill I charge you
By th'vertue of my lips; ſpeake not a ſillable
As you expect a kiſſe ſhould cloſe my choler.
For I muſt chide you. Le. O my *Sulpitia*,
Were euery ſpeech a Piſtoll charg'd with death,
I'de ſtand them all, in hope of that condition.
Sv. Firſt, ſir, I heare, you teach *Eugenio*
Too graue a warineſſe in your ſiſters loue,
And kill his honeſt forwardneſſe of affection
With your farre-fet reſpects, ſuſpitions, feares.
You haue your may-bee's; this is dangerous:
That courſe were better: for if ſo: and yet:
Who know's? th'euent is doubtfull: bee aduiſ'd:
'Tis a yong raſhneſſe: your father is your father:
Take leaſure to conſider. Thus y'haue conſidered
Poore *Flauia* almoſt to her graue. Fy *Lelio*,
Had this my ſmalneſſe vndertooke the buſineſſe,
And done no more in foure ſhort winter daies:
Then you in foure monthes, I'de haue vow'd my Mayden-head
To th'liuing Tomb of a ſad Nunnery.
Which for your ſake I loath. Le. Sweete by your fauour,
Sv. Peace! Peace! Now y'are ſo wiſe as if y'had eaten
Nothing but braines, and marrow of Machiauell.
You tip your ſpeeches with *Italian* Motti,
Spaniſh Refranes, and *Engliſh* Quoth Hee's. Beleeue me
There's not a Prouerbe ſalt's your tongue, but plantes
Whole colonies of white haires. O what a buſineſſe
Theſe hands muſt haue when you haue married me,
To pick out ſentences that ouer-yeare you!
Le. Giue mee but leaue. Sv. Haue I a lip, and you
Made Sonnets on't? 'tis your fault, for otherwiſe,
Your ſiſter and *Eugenio* had bene ſure (come yet.
Long time er'e this. Le. But— Sv. Stay, your Qu's not
I hate as perfectly this gray-greene of yours,
As old *Antonio's* greene-gray. Fy! Wiſe louers,

Are moſt abſurd. Were not I full reſolu'd,
I ſhould beginne to coole mine owne affection,
For ſhame conſider well your ſiſter's temper.
Her melancholy may much hurt her. Reſpect her,
Or ſpight of mine owne loue, Ile make you ſtay
Six monthes before you marry mee. *Lelio whiſpers.*
SVL. This your ſo happy newes? return'd? and ſafe?
Antonio yet aliue? *Lelio whiſpers.* SVL. And then? *Lelio whiſpers.*
SVL. Well. All your buſineſſe muſt bee compaſſed
With winding plots, and cunning ſtratagems.
Look to't: For if we be not married e're next morning,
By the great loue that's hid in this ſmall compaſſe,
Flauia and my ſelfe will ſteale you both away
To your eternall ſhame and foule diſcredit.
LEL. How pretily this louely littleneſſe,
In one breath pleads her owne cauſe, and my ſiſter's;
Chides mee, and loues. This is that pleaſing temper
I more admire, then a continued ſweetneſſe
That ouer-ſatiſfies. 'Tis ſalt I loue; not ſugar.

Act. 5. Scæn. 1.

ALBVMAZAR. RONCA. FVRBO. HARPAX.

ALB. HOw? not a ſingle ſhare of this great prize,
That haue deſeru'd the whole? Was't not my plot,
And paines, and you meere inſtruments and porters?
Shall I haue nothing? RON. No, not a ſiluer ſpoone.
FVR. Nor couer of a Trencher-ſalt. HAR. Nor Table-napkin.
ALB. Friends; we haue kept an honeſt truſt and faith
'Long time amongſt vs: Breake not that ſacred league,
By raiſing ciuill theft; turne not your furie
'Gainſt your owne bowels. Rob your carefull Maiſter!
Are you not aſham'd? RON. 'Tis our profeſſion,
As your's Aſtrologie. And in th'daies of old,
Good morrow Theeſe, as welcome was receiu'd,
As now your Worſhip. 'Tis your owne inſtruction.
FVR. The Spartans held it lawfull, and th'Arabians,
So grew Arabia, Happy: Sparta, Valiant.

HAR. The world's a Theater of Theft: great Riuers
Rob ſmaller Brookes; and them the Ocean.
AL. Haue not I wean'd you vp from peti-larceny,
Dangerous and poore? and nurſt you to full ſtrength
Of ſafe and gainefull theft? By rules of Art
And principles of cheating, made you as free
From taking, as you went inuiſible?
And do yee thus requite mee? this the reward
For all my watchfull care? RO. We are your ſchollers
Made by your helpe, and our owne aptneſſe, able
To inſtruct others. 'Tis the Trade wee liue by.
You that are ſeruant to Diuine Aſtrologie,
Do ſomething worth her liuery. Caſt Figures,
Make Almanackes for all Meridians.
FVR. Sell Perſpicils, and Inſtruments of hearing,
Turne Clownes to Gentlemen, Buzzards to Falcons,
Cur-dogs to Grey-hounds, Kitchin-maids to Ladies.
HAR. Diſcouer more new Stars, and vnknowne Planets:
Vent them by dozens, ſtile them by the names
Of men that buy ſuch ware. Take lawfull courſes,
Rather then beg. AL. Not keep your honeſt promiſe?
FVR. Beleeue none, credit none: for in this Citie
No dwellers are, but Cheaters, and Cheateez.
AL. You promiſt mee the greateſt ſhare. RON. Our promiſe!
If honeſt men by Obligations,
And inſtruments of Law, are hardly conſtrain'd
T'obſerue their word; Can wee, that make profeſſion
Of lawleſſe courſes, do't? AL. Amongſt our ſelues.
Faulcons that tyrannize o're weaker fowle,
Hold peace with their owne feathers. HA. But when they counter
Vpon one quarrey, breake that league as wee do.
AL. At leaſt reſtore th'ten pound in gold I lent you.
RON. 'Twas lent in an ill Second, worſer Third,
And luckleſſe Fourth; 'tis loſt, *Albumazar*.
FVR. *Saturne* was in Aſcenſion. *Mercury*
Was then Combuſt when you deliuered it.
'Twill neuer be reſtor'd. RON. *Hali*, *Abenezra*,
Hiarcha, *Brachman*, *Budda Babylonicus*,
And all the *Chaldæ* and the *Cabaliſts*,

Affirme that ſad Aſpect threat's loſſe of debts.
HAR. Frame by your *Azimut* and *Almicantarat*,
An engine like a Mace, whoſe qualitie
Of ſtrange retractiue vertue may recall
Deſperate debts, and with that vndoe Sergeants.
ALB. Was euer man thus baited by's owne whelps?
Giue me a ſlender portion for a ſtock
To beginne Trade againe. RON. 'Tis an ill courſe
And full of feares. This treaſure hath inrich't vs,
And giuen vs meanes to purchaſe, and liue quiet
Of th'fruite of dangers paſt. When I vſ'd robbing,
All blocks before me look't like Conſtables,
And poſts appear'd in ſhape of Gallowſes.
Therefore good Tutor take your pupils counſell:
'Tis better beg then ſteale: Liue in poore clothes,
Then hang in Sattin. AL. Villaines, I'le be reueng'd,
And reueale all the buſineſſe to a Iuſtice.
RON. Do, if thou long'ſt to ſee thy owne Anatomie.
AL. This treachery perſwade's mee to turne honeſt.
FVR. Search your Natiuitie: ſee if the Fortunates
And Luminaries be in a good Aſpect.
And thank vs for thy life. Had wee done well,
We had cut thy throat e're this. AL. *Albumazar*,
Truſt not theſe Rogues; hence and reuenge.
RON. Fellowes away, here's company. Let's hence. *Exeunt.*

CRICCA. PANDOLFO.

Act. 5. *Scæn.* 2.

CR. NOw *Cricca*, maſk thy countenance in ioy,
Speak welcome language of good newes, and moue
Thy Maiſter, whoſe deſires are credulous,
To beleeue what thou giu'ſt him. If thy deſigne
Land at the Hauen 'tis bound for; then *Lelio*,
Eugenio, and their Miſtreſſes, are oblig'd
By oath, t'aſſure a ſtate of forty pounds
Vpon thee for thy life. PAN. I long to know
How my good Farmer ſpeeds; how *Trincalo*
Hath bene receiu'd by *Lelio*. CR. Where ſhall I find him?
What wee moſt ſeeke, ſtill flies vs; what's auoided,
Followes, or meetes vs full. I am emboſt

With

With trotting all the ſtreetes to finde *Pandolfo*,
And bleſſe him with good newes. PAN. This haſt of *Cricca*
Abodes ſome good; doubtleſſe my *Trincalo*,
Receiued for *Antonio*, hath giuen me *Flauia*.
Cricca? CRI. Neither in *Pauls*, at home, nor in th'Exchange?
Nor where he vſes to converſe? hee's loſt:
And muſt be cried. PAN. Turne hither, *Cricca*: *Cricca*,
See'ſt me not? CRI. Sir, the newes, and haſt to tell it,
Had almoſt blinded me. 'Tis ſo fortunate,
I dare not powre it all at once vpon you,
Leaſt you ſhould faint and ſwound away with ioy.
Your transform'd *Trincalo*- PAN. What newes of him?
CR. Entred as owner in *Antonio's* houſe-
PAN. On. CR. Is acknowledg'd by his daughter *Flauia*,
And *Lelio*, for their father- PAN. Quickly good *Cricca*!
CR. And hath ſent me in haſt to bid you- PAN. What?
CR. Come with your ſonne *Eugenio*- PAN. And then?
CR. That he may be a witneſſe of your marriage.
But ſir, I ſee no ſignes of ſo large gladneſſe
As I expected, and this newes deſeru'd.
PAN. 'Tis here, 'tis here, within. All outward ſymtomes
And characters of ioy, are poore expreſſions
Of my great inward happineſſe: my heart's full,
And cannot vent the paſſions. Run *Cricca*, run,
Run, as thou lou'ſt me, call *Eugenio*,
And worke him to my purpoſe: thou canſt do it.
Haſte, call him inſtantly. CR. I flye ſir.
PAN. How ſhall I recompence this Aſtrologer?
This great *Albumazar*! through whoſe learned hands
Fortune hath powr'd th'effect of my beſt wiſhes,
And crown'd my hopes. Giue him this chaine? alas!
'Tis a poore thankes, ſhort by a thouſand linkes
Of his large merit. No, he muſt liue with me,
And my ſweet *Flauia*, at his eaſe and pleaſure,
Wanting for nothing. And this very night
Ile get a boy, and he erect a figure
To calculate his fortunes. So there's *Trincalo*
Antoniated, or *Antonio Intrincalate*.

ANTO. PANDOLFO. LELIO. EVGENIO. *Act. 5. Scæn. 4.*

AN. SIgnior *Pandolfo!* welcome. LE. Your ſeruant ſir.
PA. Well met *Antonio*, my prayers and wiſhes
Haue waited on you euer. AN. Thanks, deereſt friend,
To ſpeake my dangers paſt, were to diſcourſe
Of dead men at a feaſt. Such ſad relations
Become not marriages. Sir, I am here
Return'd to doe you ſeruice: where's your ſonne?
PAN. Hee'l wait vpon you preſently. EV. Signior *Antonio!*
Happily welcome. AN. Thankes *Eugenio*,
How thinke you gentlemen? were it amiſſe
To call downe *Flauia* and *Sulpitia*,
That what we do, may with a full conſent
Be entertain'd by all? PAN. Tis well remembred,
Eugenio, call your ſiſter. AN. *Lelio*, call my daughter.

PANDOLFO. ANTONIO. *Act. 5. Scæn. 5.*

PA. WIſely conſider'd *Trincalo*: 'tis a faire prologue
To th' *Comedy* enſuing. Now I confeſſe
Albumazar had equall power to change,
And mend thy vnderſtanding with thy body.
Let me embrace and hugge thee for this ſeruice.
'Tis a braue on-ſet: ah my ſweet *Trincalo!*
ANT. How like you the beginning? PAN. 'Tis o'th further ſide
All expectation. AN. Was't not right? and ſpoken
Like old *Antonio!* 'Tis moſt admirable:
Wer't he himſelfe that ſpake, he could not better't.
And for thy ſake, I wiſh *Antonio's* ſhape
May euer be thy houſe, and's wit thy Inne-mate.
But wheres my plate, and cloath of ſiluer? AN. Safe.
PA. They come: keep ſtate, keep ſtate, or al's diſcouer'd.

ANT. PAN. EVG. LEL. FLA. SVLP. *Act. 5. Scæn. 6.*

AN. EVgenio, *Flauia*, *Lelio*, and *Sulpitia*;
Marriages once confirm'd, and conſummate,
Admit of no repentance. Therefore 'tis fitting
All parties with full freedome ſpeake their pleaſure,
Before it be too late. PA. Good! excellent!
ANT. Speake boldly therefore: do you willingly

Giue full authoritie, that what I decree
Touching theſe buſineſſes, you'l all performe?
EVG. I reſt at your diſpoſe: what you determine,
With my beſt power I ratifie; and *Sulpitia*,
I dare be bold to promiſe, ſayes no leſſe.
SVL. What e're my father, brother, and your ſelfe
Shall thinke conuenient, pleaſeth me. LE. In this,
As in all other ſeruice, I commit my ſelfe
To your commands; and ſo I hope my ſiſter.
FLA. With all obedience: ſir, diſpoſe of me
As of a child, that iudgeth nothing good
But what you ſhall approue. AN. And you *Pandolfo*?
PAN. I moſt of all. And for you know the mindes
Of youth are apt to promiſe, and as prone
To repent after; 'tis my aduice they ſweare
T'obſerue, without exception, your decree.
FLA. Content. SVL. Content. PAN. By all the powers that heare
Cathes, and raine vengeance vpon broken faith,
I promiſe to confirme and ratifie
Your ſentence. LE. Sir, I ſweare no leſſe. EVNOR I.
FLA. The ſelfe-ſame oath binds me. SVL. And me the ſame.
PAN. Now deare *Antonio*, all our expectation
Hangs at your mouth: None of vs can appeale
From you to higher Courts. AN. Firſt for preparatiue,
Or ſlight *Preludium* to the greater matches;
I muſt intreate you that my *Armellina*
Be match't with *Trincalo*. Two hundred crownes
I giue her for her portion. PAN. 'Tis done. Some reliques
Of his old Clownery, and dregges o'th Countrey,
Dwell in him ſtill: how carefull he prouides
For himſelfe firſt! Content. And more, I grant him
A leaſe of twenty pounds a yeare. ANT. I thanke you.
Gentlemen, ſince I feele my ſelfe much broken
With age, and my late miſeries, and too cold
To entertaine new heate; I freely yeeld
Sulpitia, whom I lou'd, to my ſonne *Lelio*.
PAN. How cunningly the Farmer hath prouided
T'obſerue the ſemblance of *Antonio's* perſon,

And keepe himſelfe ſtill free for *Armellina!*
AN. Signior *Pandolfo*, y'are wiſe, and vnderſtand
How ill hot appetites of vnbridled youth
Become gray haires. How graue and honourable
Wer't for your age to be inamored
With the faire ſhape of vertue, and the glory
Of your fore-fathers! Then would you bluſh to thinke
How by this dotage, and vnequall loue,
You ſtaine their honour, and your owne. Awake,
Baniſh thoſe wild affections; and by my example
Turne t'your repoſed ſelfe. PAN. To what purpoſe, pray you,
Serues this long proæmeon to th'ſentence. AN. Sir,
Conformitie of yeares, likeneſſe of manners,
Are *Gordian* knots that bind vp matrimony.
Now betwixt ſeuenty Winters, and ſixteene,
There's no proportion, nor leaſt hope of loue.
Fye, that a gentleman of your diſcretion,
Crown'd with ſuch reputation in your youth,
Should in your Weſterne dayes, looſe th'good opinion
Of all your friends; and run to th'open danger
Of cloſing the weake remnant of your dayes
With diſcontentment vnrecouerable.
PAN. Wrack me no more: pray you let's heare the ſentence.
Note how the Aſſe would fright me, and indeere
His ſeruice; intimating, that his power
May ouer-throw my hopes. Proceed to th'ſentence.
AN. Theſe things conſider'd, I beſtow my daughter
Vpon your ſonne *Eugenio*; whoſe conſtant loue
With his ſo modeſt carriage, hath deſeru'd her.
And, that you freeze not for a bed-fellow,
I marry you with *Patience*. PAN. Trecherous villaine!
Accurſed *Trincalo!* Ile--- But this no place,
Hee's too well back't. But ſhortly when the date
Of his *Antonioſtip's* expir'd, revenge
Shall ſweeten this diſgrace. AN. Signior *Pandolfo*,
When you recouer your ſelfe, loſt deſperately
In diſproportion'd dotage, then you'l thanke me
For this great fauour: be not obſtinate:

Diſquiet not your ſelfe. PAN. I thanke you ſir.

Act. 5. *Scæn.* 7. PANDOLFO.

AND that you freeze not for a bed-fellow,
I marry you with *Patience*? Traiterous villaine!
Is't not enough to wrong me, and betray me,
But 't muſt be done with ſcoffes? accurſed *Trincalo*!
And me moſt miſerable! that when I thought
T'embrace yong *Flauia*, ſee her before my face
Beſtow'd vpon my ſonne! my ſonne my rivall!
This is *Eugenio's* plot, and his friend *Lelio's*;
Who, with my ſeruant *Cricca*, haue conſpir'd,
And ſuborn'd *Trincalo* to betray his maſter.
Why doe I rage 'gainſt any but my ſelfe,
That haue committed ſuch a ſerious buſineſſe
To th'hands of a baſe clowne, and ignorant?
I ſee mine error, but no meanes to helpe it.
Onely the ſweetneſſe of reuenge is left me,
Which I muſt execute: th'houres of's gentry
Are now cleane ſpent. I'le home, and there attend him.

Act. 5. *Scæn.* 8. TRINCALO *drunke, but ſomething recouered.*

WElcome old truſty *Trincalo*, good Farmer welcome! giue me thy hand, weemuſt not part hereafter. Fye, what a trouble 'tis to be out of a mans ſelfe! If gentlemen haue no pleaſure but what I felt to day; a teame of horſes ſhall not dragge me out of my profeſſion. There's nothing amongſt them but borrowing, compounding for halfe their debts, and haue their purſe cut for the reſt, coſned by whores, frighted with husbands, waſh't in wet hogges-heads, cheated of their clothes, and falling in cellars for concluſion.

PANDOLFO *at the window.* TRINCALO.

Act. 5. *Scæn.* 9. PAN. O Pretious peece of villany! are you vnchang'd?
How confident the rogue dares walke the ſtreetes!

TRIN. And then ſuch quarrelling: neuer a ſute I wore to day, but hath been ſoundly baſted. Onely this faithfull Countrey-caſe ſcap't fiſt-free; and bee it ſpoken in a good houre, was neuer beaten yet ſince it came from fulling!

PAN. Tiff. toff. Baſe treacherous villaine! toff. toff. toff.

TRI. Is this the recompence of my dayes worke?

PAN. You marry me to patience? there's patience.
And that you freeze not, there's warme patience,
Shee's a good bed-fellow; haue patience.
TR. You'l beat me out on't sir: how haue I wrong'd you?
PAN. So, as deserues th'expression of my fury
With th'cruelst tortures I can execute.
TRI. You kill me sir. PAN. Haue patience. TRI. Pray you sir!
PAN. Seeke not by humble penitence t'appease me.
Nothing can satisfie. TR. Fare-well humilitie.
Now am I beaten sober. (*takes away Pandolfo's staff.*)
Shall age and weakneſſe master my youth and strength?
Now speake your pleasure: what's my fault? PAN. Dar'st deny
Thy owne act done before so many witnesses?
Suborn'd by others, and betray my confidence
With such a stony impudence? TR. I haue bin faithfull
In all you trusted me. PAN. To them; not me.
O what a Pro æme stuft with graue advice,
And learned counsaile, you could showre vpon me
Before the thunder of your deadly sentence!
And giue away my Mistresse with a scoffe!
TR. I giue your Mistresse? PA. Did'st not thou decree
Contrary t'our compact, against my marriage?
TR. Why, when was I your iudge? PA. Iust now, here. TR. See your (error!
Then was I fast lock't in *Antonio's* Cellar:
Where making vertue of necessitie,
I drunke starke drunke; and waking, found my selfe
Cloth'd in this Farmers sute, as in the morning,
PAN. Did'st not thou sweare t'enter *Antonio's* house,
And giue me *Flauia* for my wife? and after,
Before my owne face, gau'st her to my sonne?
TR. Ha, ha, ha! PA. Canst thou deny't? TR. Ha, ha, ha!
Haue you got mistresse *Patience*? ha, ha, ha!
PAN. Is not this true? TR. Ha, ha! PA. Answere me.
TRI. Ha, ha, ha wan! PAN. Was't not thus?
TRI. I answere. Firſt, I neuer was transform'd,
But gul'd, as you were, by th'Astrologer
And those that cal'd m'*Antonio*. To proue this true,
The gentleman you spoke with, was *Antonio*,

Whilst Trincalo laughes, and fals the staffe, Pandolfo recouers it, and beates him.

The right *Antonio*, safely return'd from *Barbarie*,
PA. Oi me! what's this? TR. Truth it selfe. PA. Was't not thou
That gau'st the sentence? TR. Beleeue me no such matter:
I nere was gentleman, nor otherwise
Then what I am, vnlesse 'twere when I was drunke.
PAN. How haue I beene deceiu'd! good *Trincalo*
Pardon mee. I haue wrong'd thee. TR. Pardon you?
When you haue beaten mee to paste, good *Trincalo*
Pardon mee? PAN. I am sorry for't; excuse mee.
TRI. I am sory I must excuse you. But I pardon you.
PAN. Now tell mee where's the plate and cloath of siluer,
The gold and iewels that th'Astrologer
Committed to thy keeping? TRI. What Plate, what iewels?
Hee gaue mee none. But when he went to change mee,
After a thousand circles and ceremonies,
Hee bindes mee fast vpon a forme, and blindes mee
With a thick Table-napkin. Not long after
Vnbinds my head and feete, and giues mee light:
And then I plainely saw, that I saw nothing;
The Parler was cleane swep't of all was in't.
PAN. Ojh me? ojh me! TR. What ailes you? Sir, what ailes you?
PAN. I am vndone, I haue lost my Loue, my plate,
My whole estate, and with the rest my selfe.
TR. Loose not your patience too. Leaue this lamenting,
And lay the Towne; you may recouer it.
PAN. 'Tis to small purpose. In, and hold thy peace.

Act. 5. CRICCA. PANDOLFO.

Scæn. 10 CRI. VVHere shall I find my Maister to content him
With welcome newes? Hee's here; newes! newes!
Newes of good fortune, ioy and happinesse!
PAN. *Cricca*, my sadnesse is vncapable
Of better tidings: I am vndone most miserable!
CR. Offend not your good luck, y'are now more fortunate
Then when you rose this morning: Bee merry, sir,
Cheare vp your selfe, y'haue what you wisht, feare nothing.
PAN. May bee *Antonio* newly repents himselfe,
With purpose to restore my *Flauia*.
Cricca, what is't? where's all this happinesse?

CR.

CR. Lock't in *Antonio's* Closet. PAN. All alone?
Sure that's my *Flauia*. Is not *Eugenio*
Suffred to enter? CR. *Antonio* keepes the key:
No creature enter's but himselfe. Al's safe
And shall be so restor'd. PAN. O my sweet *Crices*!
CR. And they that wrong'd you, most extremely sory,
Ready to yeeld you any satisfaction.
PAN. Is't possible they should so soone repent them?
That iniur'd mee so lately? tell mee the manner
That caus'd them see their errour. CR. I'le tell you, sir.
Being iust now at old *Antonio's* house,
One thunder's at th'back dore, enters, and presses
To speake in priuate with yong *Lelio*;
Was instantly admitted: And thinke you who?
Twas your Astrologer *Albumazar*.
When hee had spoke a while; *Lelio* and *Antonio*
In hast command' mee fetch a Constable.
PAN. How can this Story touch my happinesse?
CR. I vp and downe through slimie Ale-houses,
Clowdie Tobacco-shops, and vapouring Tauernes:
My mouth full of enquiry; At last found one.
PAN. What of all this? is't possible a Constable
Concernes my good? CR. And following my directions,
Went to a Tipling-house, where wee tooke drinking
Three hansome fellowes with a great Chest; attach't them,
And brought all to *Antonio*. PAN. Well, what then?
CRI. These were th'Astrologers intelligences, (spoken
That rob'd you through th'South window. PA. I thought th'hadst
Of *Flauia's* restoring. CRI. I meane your plate
And treasure; pray you, sir, is't not great happinesse
To re-obtaine three thousand pounds in valew,
Desperately lost? and you still dote and dreame
Of *Flauia*, who by your owne consent
And oath is promis'd to your sonne *Eugenio*?
PA. Forward. CR. Within this Chest *Antonio* found your Plate,
Gold, Iewels, cloath of siluer, nothing perish't,
But all safe lock't till you acknowledge it.
And since *Albumazar* of his owne accord

Freely/

Freely confest, and safe restor'd your treasure:
Since 'tis a day of Iubile and marriage,
Antonio would intreate you to release
And pardon the Astrologer: Thanking your fortune
That hath restor'd you to your wealth, and selfe,
Both which were lost i'th foolish loue of *Flauia*.
PA. Reason hath clear'd my sight, and drawne the vaile
Of dotage that so dark't my vnderstanding.
I clearely see the dotage of affections;
And how vnsutable my declining yeares
Are for the dawning youth of *Flauia*.
Let the best ioyes of *Hymen* compasse her,
And her yong husband, my *Eugenio*,
With full content. And since *Albumazar*
By accident caus'd all this happinesse;
I freely pardon him, and his companions:
And haste t'assist the marriages and feasts.
CRI. Why now you shew your selfe a worthy Gentleman.

Act. 5. TRINCALO. CRICCA.

Scæ. vlt. TRIN. *Ricca* I ouer-heard your newes: all parts are pleas'd,
Except my selfe. Is there no newes for *Trincalo*?
CRIC. Know'st it not? In, and see: *Antonio*
Hath gin'n thee *Armellina* with a portion,
Two hundreth Crownes: and old *Pandolfo* bound
By oath t'assure thee twenty pounds a yeare,
For three liues. TR. Haj! CRI. Come in. TR. I'le follow.

EPILOGVE.

Two hundred Crownes? and twenty pound a yeare
For three good liues? Cargo! *Hai* Trincalo!
My wife's extreamely busie, dressing the Supper
For these great marriages, and I not idle,
So that I cannot entertaine you here
As I would else-where. But if you come to Totnam
Some foure dayes hence, and aske for Trincalo
At th' signe o'th Horsehead; I'le morgage all my lives
To bid you welcome. You that loue Trincalo,
And meane to meete, clap hands and mak's a bargaine.

FINIS.